JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1875

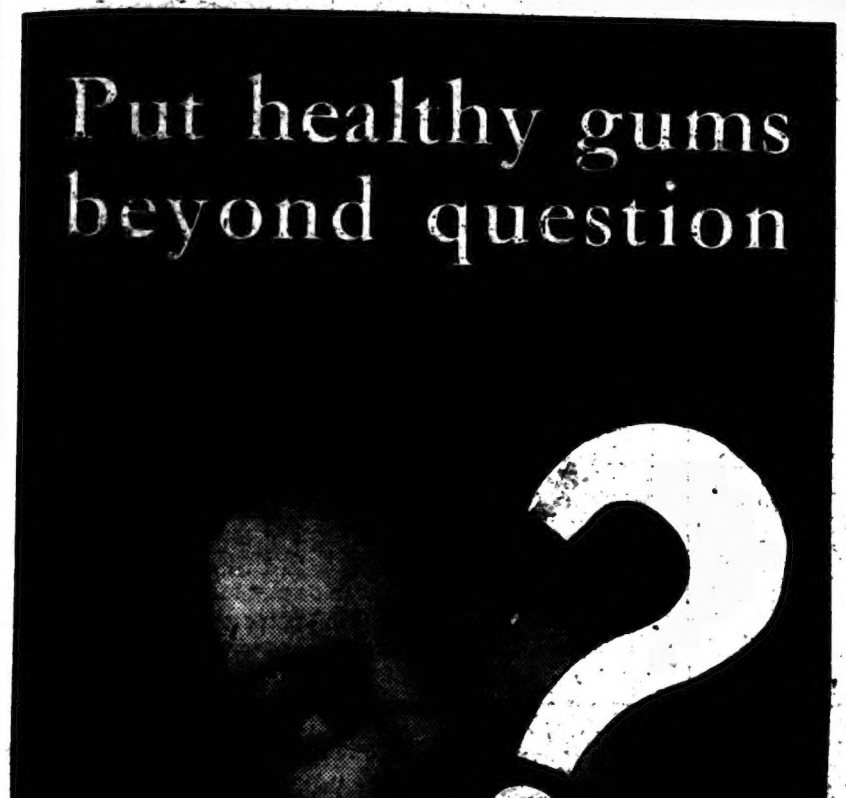
3D EVERY THURSDAY

CHILD ENDOWMENT by The EDITOR

LEADERS OF THE RUSSIAN GLORY

WHAT ABOUT JAPAN? by A.G.G.

Put healthy gums beyond question



protect gums as well as teeth with

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★ Return all empty metal tubes ★ to your retailer and help the RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND.

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You can replace the stopper . . . . we can't

We are doing everything possible to keep up the supplies of Bulmer's Cider. You can help by returning empty Bulmer Flagons promptly to your Dealer—and please see that the stopper is replaced.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD. HEREFORD

Regd 394

Mrs. A: It's a puzzle to know what to do for the best these days. I worry in case the children aren't getting enough nourishment and variety in their food.

Mrs. B: I shouldn't worry if I were you. Have you tried them with Fry's? I get it every week—just as regular as the rations.

Mrs. A: I know it's good, but I must admit I haven't bought it very regularly.

Mrs. B: You take my advice and start to-day. Whatever food shortages there are, Fry's will help to fill the gap. The kiddies just love the real chocolate taste in it and, believe me, you can't give them a finer food.

FRY'S COCOA

The food you should buy EVERY WEEK

5D. PER QTR. LB • 2½D. PER HALF LB.

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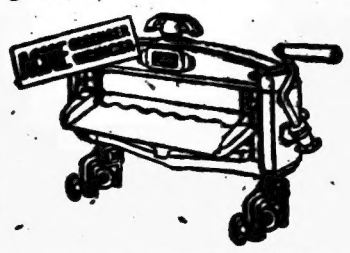
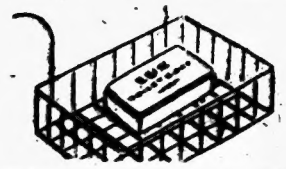
Mrs. Mullins snapped it up...

She was one of the lucky ones—she found an Acme Wringer in the shop even after war had broken out—when Acme's former employees had switched over to action stations. And don't blame the makers if you can't find an Acme on sale to-day—their craftsmen are busy on more serious work elsewhere. And in the meantime you'll just have to borrow Mrs. Mullins' and wait for the day when Acme will be back again in the shops just as good as ever . . .



How to make your Lux Toilet Soap last longer

POINTS TO REMEMBER



ALWAYS keep your Lux Toilet Soap dry between usings. It's best to place it on a little rubber mat, if you have one, or in a wire tray.

NEVER let the soap lie about in the basin or bath while you're washing. Nothing will waste away your soap more quickly.

ALWAYS stick the remains of your soap on to the new tablet. Press it down firmly and it won't come unstuck. Or you can collect the pieces and tie them all up in a bag to be used for washing-up.

NEVER rub your soap on to a flannel. Instead, first wet the face with hot water, then rub your wet finger-tips over the soap tablet and gently massage your whole face. Rinse with cold water.

LUX TOILET SOAP

THE BEAUTY SOAP OF THE FILM STARS

3-OZ. TABLET (3½D.) FOR ONE COUPON

Weight unit when manufactured *Price includes Purchase Tax*

TL 1264-9 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

How to make the most of MARS

CUT IT UP

INTO

SLICES

Every Mars Bar is so richly satisfying in flavour and goodness that — now they are rationed — you'll want to make the most of every one. So cut that chewy, chunky bar into slices and s-l-r-e-l-c-h your enjoyment of it, piece by toothsome piece.

2½ lb

Mars GRAND FOOD-GRAND FLAVOUR!

I Conquered MY COLD

I conquered my cold by taking Beecham's Powders. Beecham's Powders are a really fine prescription made QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results because of their special powder form. They relieve HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATIC TWINGES and NERVE PAINS as well as banish the symptoms of COLDS and CHILLS.

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Cartons of 6 Powders 1/5d. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

"Going to meet a boy friend I s'pose. She's spent no end o' time admiring herself in that 'Mansion' polished sideboard."

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ANTISEPTIC WAX

POLISH

keeps the home bright and healthy

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 23, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

CHANCE TO STRIKE

WITH the German armies fully extended in Russia, our opportunity is coming.

Already the might of our growing air power is being felt. Not only in our daylight sweeps. Not only in the night assaults of our heavy bombers.

Reinforcement is slowly but none the less surely taking place elsewhere.

Great Moment

Other campaigns should be projected. The United Nations must not miss their great moment.

But note that it is not Britain's chance alone.

There must be concerted planning by the major Powers.

To the Hour

No less important will it be for the plans to come into operation at precisely the right time.

Neither too early—before the German armies are inextricably pinned down; nor too late, lest our Soviet ally be seriously weakened.

Direct Support

We must do more than cheer Russian resistance and continue our heavy shipments of tanks and 'planes.

We must do more than place our hopes on the strategical genius of Stalin and Timoshenko, the unsurpassable courage of their armies.

We must give them more direct support.

Place in the Sun

Nor should we think only of tortured Europe. The African coast beckons us.

Big operations there are ruled out by the approach of the hot season. But we must prepare to bring the Libyan campaign to a decision—and we must prepare now.

The sunny Mediterranean must be swept clear of its scum.

Control and Attack

The loss of more British destroyers off Crete emphasises the need of a Spring cleaning by long-range aircraft and warships.

Control the Mediterranean and we can neutralise the *Luftwaffe* bases in Sicily.

That done, we can make of bomb-pitted Malta not only a base for defensive fighters, but for bombers to scour all Italy and break the weakest link in the strained Axis.

The East's Centre

Asia, too, awaits our action. We must think of India as the great centre of attack in the East.

To range our full strength against Japan, we must plan with China, Australia and the Indians themselves to defend the wealth of India and to convert it into the means of attack.

All-out Alliance

Hitler is meeting with trouble from Hungary and Rumania. Finland is war-weary, Bulgaria is half-hearted, Italy is a brake on his war chariot.

He is still immensely strong, but not because of his serf-like allies.

It is for the United Nations to prove themselves real allies by agreement on when, where and how to strike at his sprawling empire.

Power to Hit

"Maybe we are on the eve of a great new campaign," a Minister hints.

A great new campaign will demand many ships. And ships demand coal.

It will demand more weapons. War factories are hungry for coal.

Russia's Needs

Russia's hunger for coal increases every day. Before the war, she produced 165 million tons a year.

Now the Germans hold many of her richest coalfields. We may have to make good her loss.

Crisis

Next week, Parliament will debate the coal crisis.

The Government, wisely recognising that rationing alone will not solve the problem, has decided to put forward a more comprehensive scheme that will include reorganisation of the industry.

At last!

Waste and Muddle

Twenty-three years have passed since the industry's clumsy system was condemned by a Royal Commission.

There are still 1,135 colliery companies. There is still no control on a national basis.

There are still over-lapping and waste, discontent and muddle.

Falling Figures

And production is falling. Once we produced 280,000,000 tons a year. Now the figure is two hundred millions.

We are short of our *minimum present* needs by 300,000 tons a week.

In the midst of a war for life itself, we are threatened with loss of our power to defend ourself and to hit back.

Nation's Fault

Why? Because we have neglected the coal industry.

Every year, 10,000 youths enter it. But 35,000 men leave it because of accident, ill-health or old age. Sixty thousand have been tempted into other trades.

Now a terribly high proportion of our miners are past their youth. They cannot maintain the output of youth.

Move for Efficiency

So output must be raised by more modern methods of coal-getting. Collieries must be made efficient by unification.

The richest seams must be developed in face of the vested interests who, despite the fervid assurances of the Mining Association, would like to leave their exploitation till after the war.

Nor is that all.

On Strike

No man strikes for fun. There would be no stoppages and disputes if the men were given a fair deal.

Their dangerous, skilled and strenuous work is still grossly underpaid. In many mines, their working conditions are obsolete.

So, in reorganising the mines, we must think of the miner. The machine will not run at full speed unless the man behind it is allowed to work it for all it's worth.

Switch Off!

There must not only be higher production. There must be greater economy in the use of fuel.

Electricity is wasted on a prodigious scale.

One 40-watt bulb may not consume much current. But millions of lamps left needlessly alight become a major source of waste.

Paramount

Shops, post offices, public libraries and other municipal buildings are bad offenders. So are some of the private citizens who loudly protest against rationing but help to make it essential.

Even the public's comfort next winter will not be more important than the need to win the war!

More Munitions

As new factories come into operation and old ones are extended, the need for greater output of fuel must also increase.

War production is already good. It will become better now that wiser methods are promised.

Mr. Lyttelton has set up his panel of industrial advisers. The Citrine committee's report on regional organisation has made important recommendations.

Into His Stride

These two developments show that Mr. Lyttelton is getting into his stride. Facing the biggest industrial task of our history, he is perfecting his machinery in order to put a new impetus into war production.

We shall watch the activities of himself, his non-Cabinet Ministers, and his committees benevolently but sharply. For he needs to hurry.

Speed Up

Gigantic demands may soon be made upon all our resources.

The testing time—where the last ounce of effort may make all the difference to our future—is coming.

The time when we shall begin to roll back the tide of aggression!

(Continued overleaf)

TOO-SHARP AXE

● **Sir James Grigg, the War Minister, is satisfied that because seven out of every ten elderly officers are being retained, the new comb-out is not being "harshly applied."**

We are sure the War Office is anxious to avoid harshness. We are *not* sure that its instructions are carried out in every case without some degree of harshness.

Example is a ranker officer who won the D.C.M. in the last war, joined up again in August, 1939.

He has now been axed. He received the usual notice that incidentally contained five mistakes and did not mention his decoration for bravery.

He has received no form that will entitle him to a civilian identity card. So he cannot get ration books. He has no private income, no job, and presumably must starve.

Another, a messing expert, was recommended for retention by his brigadier. Yet he, too, has been sacked. If he is too old at forty-five for operational duties, is he, therefore, too old to attend to foodstuffs?

DON'T SNIFF AT THE DOCTOR!

● **Some city councils are refusing official appointments to foreign doctors. In other towns where foreign doctors are allowed to work, ratepayers are lodging protests.**

JOHN BULL trusts that this silly clamour and unthinking prejudice will be quickly stilled by the commonsense of the great mass of British public opinion.

The blunt truth is that we need all the doctors available.

The call-up of medical men for the Forces has now reached the age of forty-six. It will cause acute shortage in many districts.

JOHN BULL has no wish to be alarmist. But doctors themselves make no secret of the fact that if epidemics should occur next winter, the position for the civil population would be serious.

Therefore, we cannot afford to dispense with the services of any capable doctor from abroad who is in exile here.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MOST British workers are doing as much as any to win the war. Many are working to the limit of human endurance.

And they don't grumble.

Typical example is a woman with four children. She makes munitions by day. In the evening she looks after the youngsters, does the washing for herself and a neighbour.

Early Worker

"But when," someone asked her, "do you get time to dust and clean the house?"

"Oh, I'm lucky there," she explained. "You see, I don't have to be at the factory till eight in the morning."

Why They Complain

The people who grumble are those who aren't allowed to pull their full weight.

Whitehall must pay more attention to them. As a start, official inquiry should be made into allegations that at one well-known Midlands factory reserved workers are having to make a refrigerator for the chief engineer.

JOHN BULL will supply the details.

No Explanation

At a radio factory, girls have to sit around because there is no work for them, yet they are not allowed to join the Services.

We get too many complaints of this sort. Maybe the explanation is a temporary hold-up in the supply of raw materials.

But why aren't the workers told?

Held Up

If work is to be evenly maintained, Whitehall itself must be reorganised.

Machine tools are lying idle in warehouses awaiting permits for their delivery to firms that are crying aloud for them.

Start Them Up!

Moreover, many machines are being kept in reserve against *blitz* or breakdown of existing factories.

They should be put into use now. The need to increase output this summer will be even greater than when our industrial areas were being bombed a year ago.

Army of Inspectors

There is a shortage of works inspectors. But not of Whitehall inspectors!

Quite often a manufacturer, having filled up twenty forms in respect of a machine, is visited by an inspector who asks precisely the same questions and receives the same answers.

These inspectors are not experts. They do not even look at the machines, nor would they be any the wiser if they did.

They are just human duplicating machines. And they should be scrapped.

He Didn't Ask

One of them arrived at a factory that had applied for a permit to buy additional machines to cope with urgent orders.

Just before his arrival, the electricity supply had broken down.

The inspector noted the idle machines, made no inquiries, but went away and refused the permit. It took the firm six weeks to get the explanation accepted!

Treacle Jam

Sometimes, though, Whitehall short-circuits minor officialdom.

A firm making a vital munition wanted seven pounds of black treacle for a new process that promised great results.

The local food office jammed the request. "Who is going to eat the treacle?" was their obsession. "And where's the ration card?"

Woolton Sweet

At first, the Ministry of Supply thought of asking its officials to surrender part of their jam-or-treacle ration to help the firm.

But the firm said: "We may want much more treacle."

So Lord Woolton was told. He at once arranged that industry should get all the food it wanted for war production.

Suit Followed

Some factories have persuaded workers to give up clothes coupons to ensure a supply of silk for certain experiments. And workers' wives have surrendered silk blouses.

Now the Board of Trade is following Lord Woolton's example. If material is needed, local officials will see that it is supplied under certain safeguards.

Painful Subject

Did you read in the newspapers how food was salvaged from a wrecked ship and then left to rot?

We can cap that story.

A large cargo boat was wrecked on the rocks. Bales of cloth and garments were brought ashore, stored in a damp warehouse, and rotted. And that's not all!

Feeding the Sea

Thousands of tins of cigarettes were washed ashore intact, punctured by Customs officers and thrown back into the sea.

Bottles of whisky were deliberately smashed. It must have pained even the Customs officials.

At It Again

Killjoys have also been busy in Chatham.

A theatre was offered rent-free for a Sunday performance of a play to help the Medical Aid to Russia Fund.

Nearly £100 worth of tickets had been sold when the Lord's Day Observance Society made its usual intervention and delicately hinted at legal proceedings. The show had to be cancelled.

Angry Townsfolk

People in the Medway towns are furious. But we don't suppose that will impair the self-righteous satisfaction of the Society's zealots.

So far as we are aware, the latter have not objected to the Russians fighting on Sundays for the benefit of mankind.

Sabbath Sanity

Nor is there any injunction in the New Testament against the tending of the sick on the Sabbath.

It is perhaps a less important point that the prejudices of a minority would not be allowed to intimidate the majority in any fully civilised State.

His Honour's Quaintness

Judge Richardson is another whose ideas of civilisation are somewhat archaic. Telling a woman C.O. that she ate food brought here at the risk of seamen's lives, he added:

"If you carried your argument to its logical conclusion you would starve to death. It might be the most useful thing you could do."

It would indeed be unfortunate were this woman to follow His Honour's suggestion to "its logical conclusion"! Judge Richardson should remember we are fighting Hitlerism, not defending it, and we hope he now realises he went a bit too far.

Careless Children

Recently we criticised a different kind of careless talk. A reader reminds us that some of the worst offenders are children.

Her ten-year-old son was told by other boys that their fathers were helping to build new aerodromes at places they named.

Then he was told that a certain division of troops was being moved to a certain town on a certain date.

All of which would have been highly interesting to any enemy agent who might have been listening.

Mum's the Word

Children cannot be expected to realise the importance of such chatter. But the remedy is simple—parents should not discuss military information in their hearing or among outsiders.

War Time Pranks

Discussion continues on the increase in juvenile crime. To listen to some of the horrified critics, you'd think the increase was frightening.

The facts, though regrettable, give no cause for fear.

The great majority of youngsters never get into trouble. One child in 90 appears in the courts nowadays. Pre-war rate was one in 120.

Crime's Causes

A new authoritative report gives these causes for more naughtiness:

Evacuation. Absence of fathers in the Forces, mothers in factories. Interrupted schooling. High wages for adolescents. Desire for adventure fed by stories of our fighting men.

And the experts are not unduly worried by the present situation.

Remedies

What can be done about it? Full-time education. Youth centres in every district. Adequate, but not excessive, pocket-money.

For those who get into trouble, there should be younger magistrates—and fewer greybeard J.P.s who take advantage of the war to order the birch!

Taking Risks

In other ways, our social services need to be strengthened rather than weakened because of the war.

There is a shortage of doctors. Therefore, greater precautions must be taken against epidemics.

Mothers in a Glos. village asked that bedrooms occupied by child sufferers from scarlet fever and diphtheria should be fumigated for the sake of other children. Said stupid officialdom: "There's a war on." Precisely!

Insult

Here's more stupidity: in this case, from a health visitor.

Soldier's wife in Bromley, Kent, has five children. Unable to go out to work, she took in three children of women in war jobs.

Local health visitor sent her a peremptory card. It said she was not allowed to take in children for money, must make other arrangements at once.

It should be treated for what it is—nonsense.

Call-up

Far from wise, also, is the call-up for the Home Guard of part-time firemen in a village near Yarmouth who are on duty for fifty-six hours each month.

They can't be spared, for their station is only at half-strength. Yet there are many men of military age in the village who take no part in Civil Defence.

Reserved

Another oddity concerns London Transport, which trained some thousand conductors as drivers.

Some of them, over age, have been reverted to conducting—a job suitable for women. Yet men of military age are kept on as drivers and inspectors, and, therefore, reserved.

Can You Help!

The Merchant Navy has saved Britain from being starved out. Britain will have a chance of helping the Merchant Navy on June 16.

On that day, flags will be sold to provide clothes and money for the ship-wrecked, outfits on rescue tugs, married quarters in port, clubs and other amenities.

But you needn't wait till that day. If you can, volunteer now as a seller to Flag-Day Office, 4, Buckingham Palace Gardens, London, S.W.1

Behind the News

- **Nazi High Command has banned the invasion tune: "We sail against England." Youngsters in Occupied Countries whistle it whenever they see German soldiers.**
- *Poppy seeds are being sown on poor German soil in a last-hour attempt to make up shortage of lubricants.*
- Since St. Nazaire, more than 4,000 Nazi officers in Western Europe have been sent to the Eastern Front.
- **Nearly 500,000 children under twelve have died in France and the Low Countries from malnutrition since 1940.**
- *Owing to Russian resistance, industrial output from Ukraine is only 10 per cent. of German estimates.*
- Germans in neutral countries have to spend 20 per cent. of their income on food and warm clothes for Hitler's winter relief.
- **Dutch air training scheme is now well advanced in U.S.A.**
- *Milch and Von List have been ordered to operate new terror plans against Yugoslav hero Mihailovich.*
- Fear of starvation is causing "hunger mania," a form of hysteria, in Vienna.
- **Goering's control of economic affairs has passed to Speer, Hitler's friend and war production chief. To appease Goering, Hitler keeps him busy on "international problems."**
- *Germans are clamouring for official gas-masks. At present, those who want a mask have to buy one.*
- Nazi High Command is perturbed by "outbreak of religiosity" among troops. Attempt to replace field curates by Nazi priests almost caused a mutiny in some units.

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

CHILD ENDOWMENT

DURING this Whitsun week-end the Labour Party Conference and the Co-operative Congress will both debate the question of Family Allowances, or, as we would prefer to call it, Child Endowment.

Soon after Parliament reassembles, a motion in support of this urgently needed and inevitable reform will be introduced in the Upper House by Lord Southwood.

The Liberal Party has already declared itself in favour of a State grant for all children, and will discuss the problem further at its Annual Assembly next September.

It is, indeed, certain that the general principle of Family Allowances has the support of an overwhelming majority in every Party and in every section of the community.

Obviously, there are differences of opinion as to whether legislation should be immediate or delayed until after the war is won; and as to whether allowances should be paid for entirely by the State or granted on a contributory basis.

JOHN BULL advocates what may seem the most costly, but what we think will prove the only practical and honest solution of the Family Allowances problem—namely, a non-contributory grant by the State to the parents of all children of school age.

All the experts agree that large families among low-wage earners are a prime factor in accentuating poverty.

In the lowest wage groups adult earnings do not greatly vary. The single man may have enough for his personal needs and even a little to spare. If he marries and has children, the family is denied all comfort, and probably has to go short of necessities.

The Archbishop of York, who was then Bishop of Winchester, reminded the Lords in a recent debate that, in spite of all our social services, "something like 25 per cent. of the children of this country are living in conditions of what is described as 'primary poverty.'"

Now, "primary poverty" means undernourishment. Five careful surveys, the first beginning on Merseyside in 1929 and the last at Bristol in 1937, supplied convincing proof that this over-all average of half-starved children is not exaggerated.

Here, then, is the basic case for Family Allowances—a case which the State has *already* recognised in several ways.

WHAT are these ways? Well, the Government is already making allowances for the children of Servicemen, for the children of the unemployed, for the youngsters who have been evacuated to the country—and, among others, for all the children of the rich and comparatively well-to-do!

That last statement may startle some readers, but it is strictly true. Among Income Tax payers, now much more numerous, parents have been allowed so much a year, tax free, for each child of school age.

The present allowance is £50, and for those who are paying at the standard rate of 10s. in the £, this amounts to £25 a year, or, roughly, 10s. a week.

JOHN BULL is well aware that in "the middle classes" of modest means this tax concession makes up for no more than a small part of the cost of parenthood.

Nevertheless, there can be no denial of the fact that State help IS being given to parents of relatively comfortable incomes and denied to those of the lowest earning power.

Very well, then: here is an anomaly which ought not to be tolerated any longer. The State proclaims that children are its most priceless asset, and it *must* preserve that asset.

Some people argue—and among them there are many in the ranks of organised and well-paid labour—that the remedy for extreme poverty should be sought in better wages, not in any form of State assistance.

JOHN BULL, which has never failed to support the cause of the worker, is unable to accept this argument.

Why? Because, even if it were possible to secure all-round increases at once, the parents of children would still be left at a disadvantage.

And so we come back to a non-contributory State grant in respect of all children.

The whole community would have to pay for this. Five shillings a week per child—the amount deemed necessary for its bare nourishment—is the figure generally under discussion, and this, in its first year, would cost the country a gross total of £132,000,000.

Mark the word *gross*. The estimate is given in the White Paper entitled "Family Allowances, Memorandum by the Chancellor of the Exchequer" (Command 6354), which you can obtain for 2d. from any newsagent.

But the White Paper contains a variety of other estimates of *net* costs, some of them apparently based on estimates of consequential savings when the 5s. payment is made.

JOHN BULL wishes to make it perfectly plain that we stand for no stinting of the social services, for no inroads on existing concessions to the overburdened payer of Income Tax. What is the use of a reform which takes away with one hand a large part of what it grants with the other?

Space fails us for any detailed examination of the many interesting analyses which this pamphlet contains. They are presented dispassionately and there is no expression of views for or against any of the specific proposals.

And they confirm us in our championship of a universal fixed grant for every child of school age.

For, obviously, from the country's point of view, there can be no discrimination between one baby and another. Whether from a rich home or a poor, each is worth the value of a common citizenship.

Again, a universal scheme would simplify administration more than any other could possibly do. In effect, any child's birth certificate would become a warrant upon the Exchequer for 5s. a week until that child had attained the age of fifteen or had left school.

We stand by the broad principle, though we admit that the question of cost cannot be ignored, and—*as a temporary expedient*—we agree that one alternative deserves serious consideration.

ALLOWANCE for every child in every family except the first-born is provided by this alternative. It is held in some quarters, and can be fairly argued, that the one-child family is not, or need not be, condemned to undue poverty even among the small-wage earners.

JOHN BULL cannot entirely concur in this general proposition, but the financial saving through excluding the first child would be large. According to the White Paper, it would cut the gross annual cost down to £58,000,000.

And practical men must at all times accept the hard truth that half a loaf is better than no bread.

We feel it necessary here to add one statement, and one only. And we shall do this in the form of a quotation from a recent leading article in the *Times*. Here it is:

"This is an issue where progress towards building the healthier society of the future need not await the end of hostilities."

And, in JOHN BULL's view, if that means anything, it means: "DO IT NOW."

Take Them Up by the Roots!

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

I STOOD with a friend outside the empty shell of the blitzed church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand — the nursery rhyme church of "Oranges and Lemons" fame.

London life and London traffic still flow past its walls, as intent on themselves as they were before the war began. My friend and I were the only two looking at the ruin.

It seemed like a day from the years *after* the war. We had the feeling, I think, that we were a couple of provincials "up for the day," looking at the sights.

"They ought never to restore the old church," said my friend. "It ought to stand as a reminder."

* * *

Yes, perhaps. Only, even now, it didn't appear to be reminding anybody.

Wrecks have been left from other wars as object-lessons to following generations. Whether anybody troubled to learn the lessons is another matter. The "ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit" didn't prevent the ruining of other places later on.

I think that if perhaps instead of leaving mementos of the war scattered about the face of the earth we were to remove the lot, more good might come about in the end. No ruined churches, no captured guns, nothing like that.

We hear of lost arts. For example, there were pigments used by painters in the Middle Ages which no living man can produce; colours which even modern science cannot bring back for us. And nobody now can make a "Strad."

If war could become a lost art we could get along and have a reasonably good time on this earth in spite of the weather and the new hat belonging to the woman next door.

If we could remove not only the effects of yesterday—the guns in the parks, the ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit—but also the things that may create the effects of to-morrow, we might have a chance.

* * *

The lost arts got themselves lost. Will it one day be possible, I wonder, for us to lose the art of war of our own free will?

If we scrapped every gun and every 'plane and removed all mention of armed fighting from all our history books and agreed never to mention the thing, even in a whisper, for, say, fifty years, I wonder if we should ever mention it again?

Would a generation raised against such a background *think out* such a thing as war for themselves? We try to settle things by war now because we know that that was grandpapa's way.

* * *

But if we'd never heard anything about it . . .?

Might it not seem a messy, time-wasting, expensive, *dismal* way of proving to the other fellow that he was wrong?

If somebody suggested it he'd probably be put away in a cosy little padded room somewhere.

An interesting experiment, but how are we going to try it?

I don't know. I only know that we shall never begin to try it so long as we leave places like St. Clement Danes standing as they stand to-day.

Saying "That's what happened last time!" won't stop it happening next time. So why say it?

The danger we'd have to guard against would be that of the lost art turning up again by accident.

Those old pigments may be found again.

I'd hate to think of some sweet soul in 1999 getting a bright idea for making a fortune out of bows and arrows. . . .

WILL SCOTT.

Open Letters

General JOSEPH STILWELL, Commander of Chinese Forces in Burma

DEAR GENERAL,—You Americans are obstinate fellows. When all seems lost, you hit back and win.

Everyone thought you had been knocked out of the ring when, with senior Chinese officers, you retired by 'plane to a new base deep in the Burmese jungle.

Within two days you were driving forwards to the attack.

At first, I imagine the Japanese must have disbelieved their own senses.

They were flushed with triumph. Burma was lost. The back door to China was wide open.

Their mechanised forces, supported by aircraft, swept over the frontier.

Then, far in their rear, you struck with speed and precision. Their lines through Mandalay and other towns were dented, cut and finally smashed—all within a few hours.

At the same time their advance forces over the frontier ran into a Chinese cordon. Two wings were wiped out; next, their main force was heavily attacked.

They retreated. They fled back along the Burma Road, only to find your artillery and infantry waiting to whittle their columns to thinner shapes.

And, still further back, you won three unexpected victories on the Salween River that they had thought safely in their grip.

I tell this story at length because all the United Nations owe you thanks for one of the biggest and best surprises of the war.

I tell it because you remind me of a skilful boxer who first feints with his opponent, then stupefies him with lightning jabs and body blows, and finally finishes him off with a straight right to the chin.

The straight right has yet to come. I have no doubt that you will have to take punishment as well as give it.

But nor have I a semblance of doubt that the verdict will be clearly won by your strategy and the unflagging bravery of your Chinese troops.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—You've certainly pleased the public by putting a check on luxury in London's stylish restaurants. Now impose a little austerity on the City's stout trenchermen.

I've been looking at the menus of City eating-houses. They've made my mouth water and my temper boil over.

A choice of five entrées. Roast turkey and other joints. A choice of four sweets. Two or three kinds of fish. And so on.

I think you'll agree that the City's mandarins hardly need such gargantuan lunches to prepare them for their short afternoon's labours.—JOHN BULL.

The EXECUTIVE, Trades Union Congress

GENTLEMEN,—A blunt warning from you should stop the ugly outbreak of victimisation.

Let me give you just one complaint that needs your investigation.

An arms factory stopped Sunday work, thus saving double pay and overheads. The men worked like fury and maintained the same output as during the seven-day week. So they agitated for better pay—and got it.

Now, I am told, the management has sacked the men's spokesman.

But output will fall if unscrupulous employers are allowed to penalise good trades unionists. And Britain needs greater output than ever during the coming months.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Market stalls are selling poor quality tin kettles for 2s. 6d. and 3s. They used to cost 6d. Small buckets, made for a few pence, are sold for 7s. 6d.

So I hope you're getting on with the scheme to control *all* domestic goods. It is overdue by nearly thirty-three months, the length of the war to date.—JOHN BULL.

King VICTOR EMMANUEL III., Rome

YOUR MAJESTY,—No doubt you were in solemn mood when, with Mussolini, you held a military parade in celebration of Italy's Empire Day.

A funeral parade, of course.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—A milling machine operator volunteered for the R.A.F. He was rejected because he was working on the Mark V Browning gun. But last September the Army got him, gave him the medical grade of B1, and tested him as a motor driver.

He failed. Since December he has been cleaning latrines and sweeping up. His applications for transfer to a technical unit have been refused.

I know someone must do the Army's unskilled jobs. But why munition workers?

As I also know you hate to see square pegs in round holes, I am sending you details of this man's case with the suggestion that you glance in his direction. —JOHN BULL.

Councillor A. PENN, Poole Town Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—It is inexcusable that expectant mothers evacuated to Poole are offered only "the cold hospitality of a workhouse ward," though it ought to be made clear that the blame rests not on your council but on the county authorities.

Your protest should lead to improvements in Poole. This note, I hope, will prompt Whitehall to bestir all our county councils.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUCH, M.P., Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—One town council complains that no one will use its nice new day nursery.

I know a young mother who would. Her husband is in the R.A.F.; she has had the offer of several jobs as a shorthand-typist. But the nursery won't look after her baby because she isn't on war work.

True, yet by taking a job she would release someone else for war work. And she is typical of thousands.

See that the day nurseries are open to them all!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. J. FERRIS, Blackheath, London, S.E.3

SIR,—It is a sad commentary on human stupidity that more than 60,000 people have apparently paid 1s. for your little book, "When Russia Bombs Germany."

A rather deceptive title, that. For the book seeks to justify the British Israelite movement in terms of the Spanish Armada as well as the present war.

Above all, it insists that Russia aims at conquering the world and must be defeated by Britain.

Such nonsense is too obvious to be dangerous. But it is none the less undesirable.—JOHN BULL.

Sex, Beer, and Pubs

ARGUE IT OUT ★ By Pallas

NOTHING — not even the most catastrophic upheaval in history — can still the undercurrents of sex antagonism.

Men and women work together in factories; they operate balloon barrages, run bus services, staff the railways, and, generally, are in much closer and pallier relationship than they were before the war.

Yet, in some women, especially those who stay at home, the old Eve is still alive and dominant, seeking ever to criticise the natural antagonist—man.

One such woman I was talking to recently was highly indignant because Lord Woolton had refused to cut down supplies of beer.

★ ★ ★

"Why can't beer be rationed?" she demanded. "And why shouldn't tobacco and cigarettes be rationed too? They limit the kiddies' oranges, and they ration sweets and chocolate; women's little luxuries, such as cosmetics, are unobtainable.

"But the beer of lordly man must flow as copiously as ever, and his smokes are as abundant as before the war. It's what I've said all along—*it's a man's war.*"

The argument seems sound enough. And it has added strength when, as estimated by Lord Arnold, the nation in the current year will spend nearly £1,000,000,000 on drink and tobacco.

But the argument does not go deep enough. It ignores just what part the pub plays, and has played, in the structure of Britain.

There are men high up in this country who DO realise it. They know that the pub, whether it's the old-world village inn or the "local" in a grimy street, is an important factor in the sane, well-balanced life of the country.

In war time its rôle is even more important than in times of peace. Here, in the pub, man finds a relaxation and a social ease he cannot find elsewhere. It is his safety-valve. Here he can air his views, criticise this, decry that, praise the other.

★ ★ ★

The pub has evolved with Britain. It is an integral part of the life of Britain.

Personally, I don't care a rap if beer is rationed or if supplies are cut down. But if such action by the State jeopardised the existence of the pub and imperilled its honoured place in the social fabric of the land, I would be loud in my protests.

All this doesn't prove that it ISN'T a man's war. But it does show that bigger issues than drinking are involved when questions of beer are discussed.

A woman without cosmetics is a cleaner creature than a painted, powdered, rouged, eye-lashed, eye-shaded woman.

A worker without beer would be discontented. And deliberately to create discontent is stupidity.

We've had enough stupidity. And, man's war or not, beer should be left alone.

★ You'll be hearing more and more of these men as they come to grips with Hitler's titanic throw to break what Mr. Churchill admiringly called "The Russian Glory." They have no illusions, but they are all quietly confident.

Leaders of the Russian Glory

By JOHN CASHEL

EVERYBODY'S question—to be answered in the next few months, as history's most fateful combat is fought out along the 2,000-miles Russo-German front—concerns more than a titanic battle of men and machines.

It will be the greatest Military Try-Out ever between democratic commanders and despots.

Can the genius of generals risen from ordinary homes lick the autocrats of the mightiest military caste—the caste, you'll remember, that kicked out Nazi Army Chief von Blomberg because he married his commoner secretary?

For, apart from Commander-in-Chief Hitler, ex-house painter and ex-corporal, the Hun's military fortunes depend almost entirely on the traditional lord high jack-booters of Potsdam.

See who are lined up against them on our Ally's side in this battle of destiny.

Stalin, cobbler's son. Timoshenko, poor peasant's son and ex-private. Voroshilov, once shepherd and locomotive fitter. Budenny, former sergeant of Cossacks. Kurochkin, hero of Staraya Russa, one-time baker's boy. And many more like them!

Still another test—Stalin's commanders are on the whole the youngest of any army of any time.

Promoted in the Field

Several of comparatively junior rank when the war broke out rose to generalship in a few months, picked for their achievements in the field from the time Hitler launched his blitzkrieg to when he was fought to a standstill and found himself "on the verge of catastrophe."

Among the highest, Timoshenko is only 48. Zhukov, defender of Moscow, 49. Kurochkin, 42. Rychagov, an outstanding commander of the Air Force, is still in his early thirties.

Let's take a quick look at some of the few who hold so many lives (not only Russian) in their hands at this terrific hour, so that you can size up the stuff Stalin's "Victory in 1942" team is made of.

You know the Premier and Commissar for Defence, the cobbler's son.

As vice-Commissar, militarily his right-hand man is Marshal Semyon Timoshenko, though many people wonder about this, because being also No. 1 Shock General he moves about a bit.

Thus, when the war started he had charge of the Moscow front. Then, when the Germans made their biggest break-through on the Southern (Ukraine) front and it proved the weakest, he was rushed there to stem the tide and become the first general of the Allied Nations not only to hold but to hound back the Hun — at Rostov, if you recollect.

He is the commander who, when weaknesses appeared in the Finnish campaign, reorganised the Red Army from the smallest units of section and platoon, upwards.

His two chief changes left rankers with no right to debate the military conduct of their officers, and made political officers—who still do a vital job in supporting morale—militarily subordinate to commanders.

"Timo," peasant's son from Bessarabia, was conscripted for the Tsarist Army at the age of 20 and fought in the last war. Then in Lenin's Red Army against Tsarist Russians, Germans, and Western Allies, and during the campaign joined the Bolshevist Party when 27.

Father and Comrade

Clean-shaven like most Red Army generals, broadly built, he looks older than his 48 years. He is Father as well as Comrade Marshal to his men.

To Hitler he is, next to Stalin, the "most dangerous enemy."

Shepherd's son Marshal "Klim" Voroshilov, Timoshenko's predecessor as Stalin's right hand, began as a shepherd himself when an illiterate lad of 12, educated himself, became a skilled artisan at a loco. works at Lugansk (now re-named after him, Voroshilovgrad).

He is 61, and in the Civil War was one of the Old Guard with Stalin and Budenny. With Stalin he organised the famous defence of Tsaritsin, where the Red Army won its most resounding victory.

All last winter he was in the rear building up the new armies now lined up against Hitler.

Saved His Armies

Marshal Budenny, of the picturesque moustaches, 59, was a Cossack villager who became a cavalry sergeant. It was he who organised the historic 250-mile raid into the Tsarist Russians' rear at Tsaritsin.

Stalin, remembering that no doubt, and loyal to his friend, gave him charge of the Ukraine front when Hitler attacked. This front broke. Budenny saved the bulk of his armies.

Sixty-ish, like others of the Old Guard, is General Shaposhnikov, who sits at Stalin's elbow in the Kremlin as Chief of the General Staff.

But, unlike them, he is one of the few exceptions not "born of the Revolution." He was Chief of Staff of a cavalry division in the Tsarist Army.

Very different in origin is Lt.-Gen. Pavel Kurochkin. He was a baker's boy, then a railway labourer.

Now—well, you've read how the forces he commands hamstrung the 16th German Army by encircling it at Staraya Russa.

Younger than 42-year-old Kurochkin is Lt.-Gen. Pavel Rychagov. Equivalent in rank to a R.A.F. air-marshal, he is one of the leading commanders of the Red Air Force.

He is an almost complete Soviet product, as at the Revolution he was a boy of about nine, and so is still in his early thirties. He has a face like Napoleon's.

Grim-looking General Zhukov seems comparatively old at 49. But, most important, he took over the Moscow front when "Timo" went south. Then held it in its darkest days and drove the invader back.

It was he who gave the order on the critical night of December 6 that turned the German tide—and perhaps the tide of history.

Maj.-Gen. Byelov executed the order, when the Germans had almost encircled Moscow, had their guns trained on it, but had not time to fire.

In the night Stalin sprang his biggest surprise. Not tanks. Not dive-bombers. Not paratroops.

No; the dear old-fashioned horses. Seventy thousand cavalrymen with swords, and much else—Tommy guns, rifles, anti-tank guns, grenades, fire-bottles, mortars, and even accompanying tanks!

Cossacks Ride Again

So the Cossacks rode once again—but this time as a fleet-footed, partly motorised arsenal.

Has Hitler put over a better one than that?

Byelov himself tells the story. In the night Stalin telephoned him, asked several questions about organisation, and said:

"Comrade Byelov, your cavalry are now Guards. You fought splendidly in the Ukraine. You are fighting well before Moscow."

Byelov replied: "I give you my word that we will repulse the enemy."

Into that great night rode the 70,000, charging the enemy rear here, there and everywhere, opening a devastating fire among exhausted and sleeping Germans.

The Hun was flabbergasted.

Two thousand motor-vehicles, eighty tanks, sixty guns he left behind him as he went West—not for nothing, not even because of the winter!

The cobbler's son and his commanders risen from the democratic ranks had out-surprised him, outgeneralled him, out-fought him.

That was where and how the Moscow rot began.

You know the rest!

A Good Chance

You may agree that men made of that stuff, now with British and American help, have a good chance to do it again.

Other generals you may expect to come into the "Victory in 1942" news are chubby, double-chinned, cherubic-faced Meretskov, defender of Leningrad; Govorov, who recaptured Moscow's vital front door, Mozhaisk, so swiftly that the Germans hadn't time to burn it; Golikov, who won back Kirov.

And Rokossovsky, who, when in the retreat his army was surrounded before Moscow, reversed the usual idea of encirclement by telling his men:

"We are in their rear. They're not encircling us. We're encircling them!"

And he fought his way out and took up his stand again before the capital.

These, then, are the generals—Mr. Nobody's sons most of them—who match themselves against the high-caste Marshals of the German Army tradition.

What of the men?

Sir Stafford Cripps says about 9,000,000 are now facing the Hun.

Stalin on May Day said his army is more powerful than at the beginning of the war.

General Dietmar, German High Command spokesman, says: "Russia's forces to-day are stronger than were the combined Allied armies (British, French, American, Belgian) on the Western Front in the last war."

This, mark you, after the greatest strategic retreat in history—500 miles in places—and all the losses attendant upon it, and after a powerful winter counter-offensive!

Record of Foresight

Coming surprises?

Well, Russia has hundreds of thousands of paratroops—an offensive weapon—and almost all she has employed so far were a few in last winter's recapture of Mozhaisk and in her occupation of Bessarabia eighteen months ago.

On that occasion, too, she also already had aeroplanes that dropped ten-ton tanks and light field artillery, so she should be capable of dropping still bigger airborne weapons now.

She was first with paratroops, the world's heaviest tanks with the heaviest guns, amphibian tanks, combined bomber and tank demonstrations, modern anti-tank fighting with grenades, full-scale land night warfare, trailers for carrying infantry behind tanks, Tommy-gunners fighting from the tops of tanks, cavalry with automatics, and the still semi-secret armoured anti-tank aeroplane.

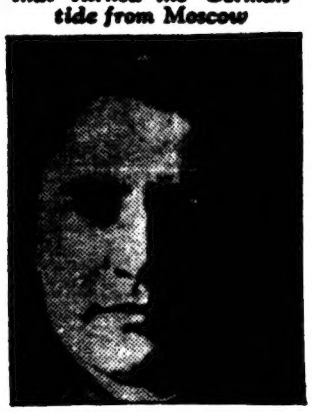
That is a record of invention and surprise Hitler cannot equal.

Judged on it, it is reasonable to hope without undue optimism that she has some more surprises up her sleeve for the terrific days between this Spring and, say, the fall of the leaves!

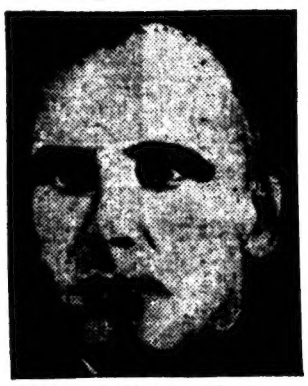
STALIN'S UNDER-50 GENERALS

ZHUKOV: Gave the order that turned the German tide from Moscow

TIMOSHENKO: Next to Stalin, he is Hitler's "most dangerous enemy"



RYCHAGOV: Soviet product. A leading commander of the Red Air Force



KUROCHKIN: He hamstrung the 16th German Army at Staraya Russa

MAY 23, 1942

WHAT ABOUT JAPAN?

Win the war in Europe and we shall be assured of victory everywhere. But though we can afford to give Japan rope, let us see that she makes no further move westwards to link up with a desperate Hitler

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE attack on the Kerch peninsula marks the opening of the decisive phase of the war. From the Black Sea to Burma the Axis strategy is now in full blast.

The prime motive of that strategy is to link up the German and Japanese war machines in the Middle East. If that aim were accomplished the whole shape of the war would be changed to our grave disadvantage.

The enemy, instead of acting in isolation, would be united. Russia would be bypassed and almost cut off from the resources of her allies.

Hitler and Tojo would have a through route from the Straits of Dover to the Pacific.

The Mediterranean would be untenable by us. The blockade of Germany would be lifted. The sea supremacy of the United Nations would be seriously imperilled. The war would be indefinitely prolonged, and its issue might well be in doubt.

In the face of this menace what should be the strategy with which the United Nations should counter that of the Axis?

I have received a criticism of recent articles to the effect that I have under-rated the Japanese peril. This is a misapprehension which I wish to remove.

★ ★ ★

Let me restate briefly the idea which I, in common with some of the most acute students of the war, have put forward. It is that Europe is the critical stage and Hitler the Enemy No. 1.

IF THE WAR IS WON IN EUROPE—THAT IS, IF GERMANY IS DEFEATED—IT WILL BE WON EVERYWHERE. IF IT IS LOST IN EUROPE, IT WILL BE LOST EVERYWHERE.

Destroy Hitler and Tojo's destruction follows "as the night the day." But the destruction of Tojo would be an empty triumph if Hitler were victorious.

From this it follows that nothing must divert us from the major quarry. The attack on Hitler must be pressed home with all the might at our command, and in pursuit of that imperious purpose we must stand on the defensive against his ally.

We can risk giving Tojo rope. We dare not give Hitler a chance of escaping from the noose in which we can strangle him.

A break through the Caucasus by him would be an immeasurable catastrophe.

For this reason the Russian front overshadows all other claims and the fate of sublime little Malta, which is a bastion of that front, is more crucial than the fate of Burma.

When we have crushed Hitler we shall redeem Burma. But if Hitler should win we should lose all

"Japan," says General Smuts, "in spite of her spectacular victories, has so far achieved nothing really vital to the issue of the war"

This is the case for giving priority to Hitler in the strategy of the United Nations. It is a matter not of choice, but of necessity.

But standing on the defensive against Tojo does not mean leaving him a free hand in the vast territory that he has occupied, and there is ground for thinking that the very magnitude of his successes will be his ultimate undoing.

It would be folly to under-estimate those successes. Two spectacular surprises will stand out for ever in the records of this war.

One is the wholly unsuspected might of Soviet Russia which shocked Hitler. He banked everything on filling the world with terror of his invincible army.

Stalin banked everything on concealing his might until the hour came to unmask it with the maximum of effect.

The other unexpected revelation has been the power of Japan. Tojo, like Stalin, relied on secrecy—secrecy backed by treachery.

He has given us a shock as great and more dramatic than that which Stalin gave to Hitler.

IN ALL THE ELEMENTS OF WAR, IN THE AIR, ON SEA AND ON LAND, IN DIABOLICAL CUNNING AND IN RECKLESS AUDACITY, HE DISCOVERED A POWER THAT LEFT AND STILL LEAVES THE WORLD GASPING.

In four months he has made himself master of the Pacific to the shores of Australia, conquered an empire nearly as vast as Europe, penetrated to the confines of India, snatched from our grasp the priceless resources of the East Indies, broken the spell of British sea power in the East.

It is an astounding story. Probably Tojo himself is left marvelling at his own success—marvelling, but not without qualms. *For he knows that this is not the end, but the beginning.*

He had all the cards for the great gamble. The hour for which Japan had been secretly preparing for forty years had struck. The white civilisation which it was her dream to drive out of the East was at death grips in Europe.

Britain's hands were full in the West. France had crashed like an empty egg-shell in the grip of Germany.

America was still nursing the dream of isolation. Hitler, reeling from the Russian shock, was prepared to buy the "Yellow Peril" at any price to save him from ruin.

In these favourable conditions Japan made the plunge, with the dazzling results that we know. She took every risk and flung all that she had into the adventure, and everything has come off beyond her wildest hopes.

BUT WE MAY BE ASSURED THAT TOJO HIMSELF IS NOT UNDER THE ILLUSION THAT ALL IS OVER. HE REMEMBERS THAT HIS DEAR FRIEND HITLER HAD FOUR MONTHS OF GLITTERING TRIUMPH LIKE HIS OWN FROM APRIL TO JULY, 1940.

And now, two years later, he is fighting for his life in Russia with the whole continent of Europe seething with rebellion behind him.

★ ★ ★

And there is much else to temper his jubilation. Has he not bitten off more than he can chew?

The farther he has got from home the more precarious has become his communications. The wider the range of his conquests the bigger is the target he puts up for attack.

And the omens of coming trouble are many. A militant and outraged America is awake and dedicated to his destruction.

Indomitable China still threatens his right flank.

Australia, fortified with the armaments that are pouring out from America, threatens his left flank.

The timely seizure of Madagascar spreads the net of his envelopment from the West. Ceylon has shown her teeth.

And an attack on India waged five thousand miles from his base is no light task.

Bombs on Tokyo has reminded Tojo of coming danger in the rear of his far-flung line, and the battle of the Coral Sea is a hint of the shape of things to come.

In a word, as General Smuts has observed, "Japan, in spite of her spectacular victories, has so far achieved nothing really vital to the issue of the war."

Perhaps the most effective stroke in a military sense is the cutting off of the supply of munitions to China, for that seriously weakens one of her most formidable enemies.

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN MAKE JAPAN'S OCCUPATION OF HER VAST AND SCATTERED EMPIRE EFFECTIVE AGAINST THE FORCES THAT ARE GATHERING AGAINST IT. THAT IS MILITARY UNION WITH GERMANY IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

Till that is achieved she cannot consummate her victories.

Given that union, Tojo's gamble will have triumphed and, welded into a single striking unit, the Axis will be re-born.

Now, more than ever, the defeat of Hitler is the key to victory, and the Caucasus is the gateway that he must not be allowed to pass.

And What About the French Fleet?

ONCE again the French Fleet is in the news. Perhaps it will soon become part of the Axis forces in the Mediterranean.

Let us neither talk too lightly of such an eventuality nor be scared by it.

And let us think of the French Navy in terms of 1942, not of 1939—when it ranked second in Europe.

★ ★ ★

We don't like to imagine that its crews could be induced to fight and die for Hitler and Mussolini, even if ordered to do so by Pétain and Darlan.

But it is safer to assume that they will.

After all, whenever the occasion has arisen since July, 1940, French soldiers, airmen and sailors have fought and died for the benefit of their country's enemies: at Dakar, in Syria, and now in Madagascar. Discipline prevailed over common sense.

Now for facts. The bulk of what remains of the French Navy is at Toulon. That is the only part available for fighting purposes.

There are also a few important units at Casablanca and Dakar, but they would be no match for the Allied forces in the Atlantic.

The Far-Eastern French Squadron is still in Saigon, Indo-China; it might possibly be ordered by Vichy to fight as Japan's ally against the Anglo-American forces.

Several important units are stationed, under American supervision, at Martinique and Guadeloupe, in the French West Indies.

They may be scuttled by order of Vichy, but it seems out of the question that they will even try to fight if the breach between America and France becomes final.

Other warships are anchored in the roads of Alexandria, disarmed, manned by skeleton crews and without fuel.

They could never become a liability to us. May rather become a valuable asset.

★ ★ ★

The 35,000-ton battleship *Richelieu* is at Dakar—not quite completed, but still useful for harbour defence.

The *Jean-Bart*, of the same tonnage, is at Casablanca, towed there during the invasion of France, and still uncompleted.

The *Strasbourg* (26,500 tons) escaped almost unharmed from Oran to Toulon, and is the chief unit of Darlan's Fleet.

Badly damaged at Oran, her sister-ship, *Dunkerque*, was recently brought back to Toulon, but is not in a fighting condition yet.

★ ★ ★

Next come four 22,000-tonners.

One, the *Provence*, was also recently towed back to Toulon, but is even worse off than the *Dunkerque*. Certainly the *Bretagne*, capsized in the roads of Oran, is a total loss.

Lorraine is disarmed at Alexandria, while the *Courbet* is with the Free French in an English port.

Four cruisers are at Toulon. With the *Strasbourg*, they are the backbone of the Vichy fleet.

Four more are disarmed at Alexandria, three at Casablanca and Dakar, one at Martinique, one at Guadaloupe, three belong to the Far Eastern squadron.

One aircraft-carrier at Martinique is also being disarmed; another was damaged beyond repair at Dakar.

Apart from these main units, there is a considerable force of destroyers—some very fast—and submarines at Toulon in good fighting condition.

OUT JAPAN?

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America was still nursing the dream of isolation. Hitler, reeling from the Russian shock, was prepared to buy the "Yellow Peril" at any price to save him from ruin.

In these favourable conditions Japan made the plunge, with the dazzling results that we know. She took every risk and flung all that she had into the adventure, and everything has come off beyond her wildest hopes.

BUT WE MAY BE ASSURED THAT TOJO HIMSELF IS NOT UNDER THE ILLUSION THAT ALL IS OVER. HE REMEMBERS THAT HIS DEAR FRIEND HITLER HAD FOUR MONTHS OF GLITTERING TRIUMPH LIKE HIS OWN FROM APRIL TO JULY, 1940.

And now, two years later, he is fighting for his life in Russia with the whole continent of Europe seething with rebellion behind him.

★ ★ ★

And there is much else to temper his jubilation. Has he not bitten off more than he can chew?

The farther he has got from home the more precarious has become his communications. The wider the range of his conquests the bigger is the target he puts up for attack.

And the omens of coming trouble are many. A militant and outraged America is awake and dedicated to his destruction.

Indomitable China still threatens his right flank.

Australia, fortified with the armaments that are pouring out from America, threatens his left flank.

The timely seizure of Madagascar spreads the net of his envelopment from the West. Ceylon has shown her teeth.

And an attack on India waged five thousand miles from his base is no light task.

Bombs on Tokyo has reminded Tojo of coming danger in the rear of his far-flung line, and the battle of the Coral Sea is a hint of the shape of things to come.

In a word, as General Smuts has observed, "Japan, in spite of her spectacular victories, has so far achieved nothing really vital to the issue of the war."

Perhaps the most effective stroke in a military sense is the cutting off of the supply of munitions to China, for that seriously weakens one of her most formidable enemies.

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN MAKE JAPAN'S OCCUPATION OF HER VAST AND SCATTERED EMPIRE EFFECTIVE AGAINST THE FORCES THAT ARE GATHERING AGAINST IT. THAT IS MILITARY UNION WITH GERMANY IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

Till that is achieved she cannot consummate her victories.

Given that union, Tojo's gamble will have triumphed and, welded into a single striking unit, the Axis will be re-born.

Now, more than ever, the defeat of Hitler is the key to victory, and the Caucasus is the gateway that he must not be allowed to pass.

And What About the French Fleet?

ONCE again the French Fleet is in the news. Perhaps it will soon become part of the Axis forces in the Mediterranean.

Let us neither talk too lightly of such an eventuality nor be scared by it.

And let us think of the French Navy in terms of 1942, not of 1939—when it ranked second in Europe.

★ ★ ★

We don't like to imagine that its crews could be induced to fight and die for Hitler and Mussolini, even if ordered to do so by Pétain and Darlan.

But it is safer to assume that they will.

After all, whenever the occasion has arisen since July, 1940, French soldiers, airmen and sailors have fought and died for the benefit of their country's enemies: at Dakar, in Syria, and now in Madagascar. Discipline prevailed over common sense.

Now for facts. The bulk of what remains of the French Navy is at Toulon. That is the only part available for fighting purposes.

There are also a few important units at Casablanca and Dakar, but they would be no match for the Allied forces in the Atlantic.

The Far-Eastern French Squadron is still in Saigon, Indo-China; it might possibly be ordered by Vichy to fight as Japan's ally against the Anglo-American forces.

Several important units are stationed, under American supervision, at Martinique and Guadeloupe, in the French West Indies.

They may be scuttled by order of Vichy, but it seems out of the question that they will even try to fight if the breach between America and France becomes final.

Other warships are anchored in the roads of Alexandria, disarmed, manned by skeleton crews and without fuel.

They could never become a liability to us. May rather become a valuable asset.

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The 35,000-ton battleship *Richelieu* is at Dakar—not quite completed, but still useful for harbour defence.

The *Jean-Bart*, of the same tonnage, is at Casablanca, towed there during the invasion of France, and still uncompleted.

The *Strasbourg* (26,500 tons) escaped almost unharmed from Oran to Toulon, and is the chief unit of Darlan's Fleet.

Badly damaged at Oran, her sister-ship, *Dunkerque*, was recently brought back to Toulon, but is not in a fighting condition yet.

★ ★ ★

Next come four 22,000-tonners.

One, the *Provence*, was also recently towed back to Toulon, but is even worse off than the *Dunkerque*. Certainly the *Bretagne*, capsized in the roads of Oran, is a total loss.

Lorraine is disarmed at Alexandria, while the *Courbet* is with the Free French in an English port.

Four cruisers are at Toulon. With the *Strasbourg*, they are the backbone of the Vichy fleet.

Four more are disarmed at Alexandria, three at Casablanca and Dakar, one at Martinique, one at Guadaloupe, three belong to the Far Eastern squadron.

One aircraft-carrier at Martinique is also being disarmed; another was damaged beyond repair at Dakar.

Apart from these main units, there is a considerable force of destroyers—some very fast—and submarines at Toulon in good fighting condition.

General Sikorski decorating an airman of a British-based Polish squadron that has shot down more than 250 enemy planes

Torture Cannot Kill Poland

By GEORGE EDINGER

FOR the past hundred and seventy years the Germans have been trying to exterminate Poland.

Frederick the Great tried to do it by stealing the country; Bismarck tried to do it by pauperising the people.

Hitler is trying to do it in a steady effort to exterminate the race.

He wants to leave nothing save a pitiful remnant of doltish slaves to go on toiling for their German masters.

It is nearly three years now since the last yard of their territory was overrun by the Nazis. But the Poles are fighting on with an army that, next to the forces of the United States, Russia, China and the British Empire, is the largest of all those who are allied in this battle for Liberty.

To-day, General Sikorski directs a first-rate fighting force. It is 100,000 strong and it is growing every day.

General Kukiel commands the Polish Army Corps in Britain; a Tank Corps, a Rifle Brigade, an Armoured Corps and Parachute Troops.

They were seasoned in Poland, France and Norway, and they are still undismayed in their battle for Poland, which, for them, began when the Prussian Frederick overran their land in 1772.

Eight times wounded for Poland, General Anders is again at the head of a Polish Force of three Divisions fighting alongside the Russian Army on the Eastern Front.

Meeting of Heroes

Forty thousand Polish fighting men are marching to the aid of the Free French in Syria, where they will meet the Carpathian Brigade of Poles that fought so magnificently at Tobruk and at Gazala under General Kopanski's one surviving eye.

The Polish Air Force that took its part in the battle for Britain and has shot down five hundred Nazi 'planes for a loss of less than one hundred, is twice as large as it was when Hitler smashed into Poland.

Poland's little fleet of destroyers, armed trawlers and submarines is fighting, with us, the battle of the seaways; and while Poland cannot be fed, her hundred thousand tons of merchant shipping are helping to feed you and me.

But to the Pole these things seem trifles when he compares them with the battle that Poland is fighting on Polish soil. For that battle has not stopped a day.

It is being fought by bands of Patriot Partisans behind the German Eastern front, who armed themselves with the stores that the retreating Russians left behind.

It is being fought by saboteurs along the roads and railways.

But above all, it is being fought by the people of Poland, by her workers and peasants and by her nobles, too—by a people that is being tortured in their homes as no other people was tortured since the Huns flooded into the dying Roman Empire.

No Quislings

There is a reason why Poland is suffering these special torments.

She is the only country in which the Germans could not find a Quisling.

It was not for want of trying. They invited the head of the Conservative Party, Professor Estreicher. He refused, so they sent him to a concentration camp. When he came out it was only to die from the treatment that he had endured.

They invited the head of the Liberal Party, Professor Bartel, several times Prime Minister, and he did not live to come out of the concentration camp at all when he had said "No."

That was last autumn.

They have not tried anyone else. Possibly because there is no one else to try.

They can hardly ask Poland's Socialist leader, Niedzialkowsky, because they did him to death in the first year of the war.

And the elder statesman, Prince Radziwill, formerly Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee in the Polish Parliament, has bluntly declined, on behalf of himself and his order, to participate in Germany's alleged crusade against the Bolshevik Menace.

A Battle Front

So instead of becoming a puppet State or even an occupied territory, the whole of Poland is a battle front.

It is true that the Germans have not stopped trying. Poland never had much cause to like the Russians, and Hitler has gone all out to harness her hate, without the slightest success.

Only the other day he staged a gala kinema show in the station square at Warsaw to show Dutch, Danish, Vichy, Finnish, Rumanian and Italian Quislings fighting on the Eastern Front, which flung out the caption: "And where are you, you Poles?"

From the packed and silent mass there arose one threatening roar: "At Oswiecim."

They are at Oswiecim, twenty-two thousand of them—and Oswiecim is probably the worst even of Hitler's Concentration Camps, for it has been reckoned that eight hundred die there every month.

But things are nearly as bad at Palmyry, near Warsaw, which they call the village of Death because there are eight thousand nameless graves there.

But the Poles go on fighting.

Nowhere outside Poland has a German Governor threatened to withdraw the entire rations of a city because (allegedly) one German policeman was killed, as General Fischer did in Warsaw on March 4.

Nowhere else has a woman been sent to prison for six months for giving a crust to a Russian prisoner, though in a city where butter cost 30s. a pound, meat 18s. a pound, and cigarettes 2s. apiece, it is hard to see how she had a crust to spare.

The Poles are so certain of victory that they are reckless in their resistance.

They see a mile of hospitals full of German wounded, stretching through Warsaw from the hotel Polonia to the Poniatowski Bridge.

They read the British wireless news, within an hour of its delivery, neatly set out in 125 secret newspapers that are read by two million people.

Yesterday I, too, saw some of those secret papers. They were well printed across four large pages that opened with an engraving of the White Eagle of Poland.

News and Pictures

The leaders were long and thoughtful.

The reports of Mr. Eden's speech, delivered three weeks before, and of President Roosevelt's last address to Congress, were given verbatim, and there was a full-page photograph of Winston Churchill reviewing Polish troops in Britain.

In fact, the resistance of Poland to-day is as apparent as the occupation of Poland; as open as the war effort of the Polish people beyond the borders of their tortured land.

Perhaps I do wrong to separate the two, for, in fact, they are not separate things.

They are directed by the same leaders.

But who and where those leaders are, Poland must not ask to know yet.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

PUNISH BUILDERS OF SHODDY SHELTERS!

ALL over Britain thousands of shelters designed to withstand the blast of German bombs, are falling to the demolition man's pick.

Some have been condemned because they are out of date. We did not know, when this war began, that bombs would ever become as big and powerful as they have.

But millions of pounds worth of these shelters—six or seven million pounds' worth, according to one of my informants—are being pulled down because of defective construction.

Having enriched the profiteering building contractors responsible for their erection, their job is done.

They never did their real job—protecting the British public, which, in the end, will have to pay for them.

Double Profits

So they go—and in some cases the contractors who put them up are being paid to pull them down again, and so make double profits out of their wicked war time exploitations.

There is a tendency, I notice, to blame the Government.

But, whatever other shortcomings the Government may have, it has used the best scientific brains in the country to design our war time shelters.

Built to proper specifications, Ministry of Home Security shelters give the British public far better air raid protection than can be found in any of the Axis countries.

The blame lies with cheats who would have been executed for their rapacity in Nazi Germany.

Who are these people?

Some are men with no knowledge at all of the building and kindred trades, but who, on learning there was going to be big money in shelter construction, became public works contractors overnight.

At their wits' end for shelters, many local authorities were desperate to avail themselves of any help that was going.

Hidden Defects

Construction was on such a scale that, in some cases, borough and rural surveyors could not possibly watch and approve every stage of construction.

In countless ways bad material was used—although rarely on the surface, where the overworked surveyor was able to notice it.

But even bombs that fell a long way away revealed the weaknesses.

And in many cases there resulted a loss of public confidence in official shelters—shelters which, properly built, are of astonishing strength.

Such contractors had little knowledge of how to handle labour.

Anyhow, you can't expect the best out of a man when he realises that you are using him to "work a racket."

So with bad materials went bad workmanship.

And now you have the official admission in Parliament that "several million pounds" have been wasted on shelters that give inadequate or no protection.

Fixing the Blame

Birmingham Trades Council calls on the Ministry of Home Security for a public inquiry "in all districts where public shelters have been condemned, so that the blame and responsibility can be rightly assessed."

And Miss Ellen Wilkinson herself stated in the House that it was not right that the cost of building such shelters should be at the expense of public funds.

That means that the profiteering contractors would have to give back some of the big profits they have got at the expense of public safety.

Miss Wilkinson has added that the authorities are "wondering what should be done to the contractors" in question.

There should be no wondering about it.

Private citizens have taken private builders to court and obtained the refund of money paid for private shelters that proved, later, to be not of the quality expected.

What the ordinary man-in-the-street can do is surely not beyond the powers of the Government!

But I would like to see them seeking something more than refund.

A few of the worst should be sent to prison—like the worst black market racketeers.

I doubt whether any special powers would have to be sought.

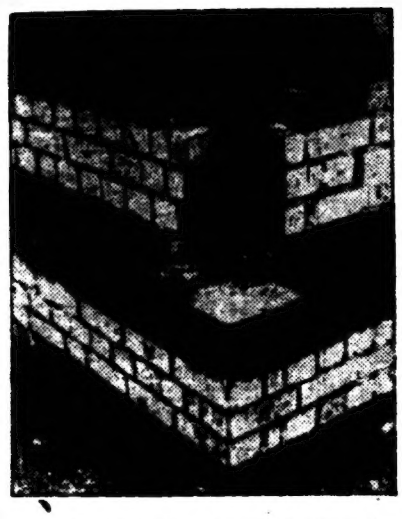
It should not be difficult to find cases of people who have been killed in such shelters when they might reasonably have been thought to be safe if proper materials had been used.

Where that is the case, the law should be quite strong enough without any new legislation.

I hear of bombs that have had to be moved into the open air because the shelter built for them collapsed.

Where they stand to-day a heath fire might have frightful results.

It is high time the people responsible for this shoddy work were brought to book.



With bad materials went bad workmanship. The men who built such shelters, says Sir Wyndham, should be sent to prison

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. N. B. BLOCH, Esmond Road, Bedford Park, London, W.4, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for details of a particularly mean ramp.

Write about any matter needing inquiry or comment, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Still After Your Cash!

REPUTABLE opticians are having such difficulty in obtaining materials for the making of eye-glasses that many have large numbers of prescriptions outstanding.

Yet unqualified, travelling quacks, who often pose as London Eyesight Specialists, still go freely from town to town advertising in big print that they have managed to spare a few days in each for the benefit of sight sufferers.

One, styled "Hugh Seymour" (real name Arthur Solomon), has just been boasting in Merthyr that he has a stock of frames in all colours, etc. Whether he has or not, it is always advisable to consult only opticians who are properly registered, and qualified.

★ ★ ★

THE War Office, Admiralty and Air Ministry have issued a cautionary notice which confirms several warnings I've given from time to time.

It concerns swindlers who rob Servicemen's relatives by stories which are convincing but false.

One rogue, who is much "wanted," even duped a widow by saying that he had saved her husband's life and had only recently left him safely in hospital.

Many go about pretending that Servicemen are in serious trouble and, unable to write themselves, have sent for money to be taken back to them immediately.

★ ★ ★

WATCH out, particularly during black-out hours, for "silvered" pennies. With the aid of a liquid and other devices swindlers are passing off disguised and mill-rimmed coins as half-crowns and shillings.

This can be easily done in the darkness, especially if other coins are handled in the transaction, and very often some of the people who pass them on do so in ignorance of the fact that they have themselves been previously victimised.

★ ★ ★

THAT man Spikesman, prince of fee-snatchers, is working harder than ever catching dupes. As I have so often explained, he offers for 5s. a worthless "Plan" of so-called remunerative home employment.

He operates principally from Belleville Road, London, S.W.11, but is now using fresh addresses. There is only one way to save yourself from his clutches—memorise the name "Spikesman" and put anything on which it appears with your salvage.

★ ★ ★

SINCE the war there has been a heavy drop in the number of employment-with-investment schemes that were previously used to part workless folk from their savings.

But such propositions are again on the increase—so a fresh warning is necessary.

No matter how urgently you need a job, don't make an investment, or pay over a "good faith" premium in order to get it, without first seeking advice.

Judges and experienced business experts have always agreed with me that most employment - with - investment schemes are, if not completely fraudulent, objectionable in some way or other.

Here's Nazi Line-Up for New Battles

HOW many men has Hitler to throw into the new campaigns begun with the attack in the Crimea? Is his hard-pressed Luftwaffe still equal to the tasks mapped out for it? What is the strength of the re-grouped Panzer divisions?

If we assume that ruthless combing in Germany and among his jackal allies has enabled him to replace a substantial part of his big losses in men in Russia, they will almost certainly be inferior in quality.

Yet, it would be wisest not to take that for granted. In assessing the worst the Nazis can do it would be safer to assume that the very efficient German military machine has succeeded in transforming the new recruits into a first-class army.

It is, however, a dead certainty that the task of Hitler's new army is infinitely greater, and demands greater numbers of men than last year.

Continent to Guard

The West of Europe is no longer a mere "occupied zone." It may be a battlefield tomorrow.

That was not so last year.

The Balkan countries, the Mediterranean coast of South Europe are possible invasion areas. They must be held by strong German armies!

If we credit Hitler with a maximum of over seven million men, at least half of them must guard Europe from Narvik to Spain, must be stationed inside Germany to man anti-aircraft batteries, must form a "second line of defence."

The other half of Hitler's armies is in Russia. No longer poised for attack alone, it must guard its rear along a 2,000 miles front against Russian attacks.

Production experts all over the world, whose estimates I have carefully compared and checked, agree that Hitler's Panzer divisions cannot have fully recovered from the blows of the ten months' Russian campaign.

The reserves of armoured vehicles—the backbone of every full-scale tank attack—are sorely depleted. Once the first big Nazi tank push has spent itself, the shortage of tanks will become noticeable.

Air Strength Halved

The position of the Luftwaffe is even worse.

Again, we should not be surprised if the number of front-line aircraft at Hitler's disposal is not substantially smaller than a year ago.

To-day, the R.A.F. ties down at least half Hitler's fighter strength over France and Germany.

To-day, the mounting numbers of British aircraft are augmented by American supplies, by American personnel, by a never-ending stream of fighters, bombers, flying Fortresses, which go into action as fast as Detroit's unlimited production facilities can turn them out.

The Luftwaffe may be strong and numerous still.

It is not half as strong as last year if the forces opposing it in the air are taken into account.

You can guess from this short survey the worst Hitler can do.

He can still hit hard at the beginning of every attack.

He can still surge forward in one gigantic attempt to gain victory.

But he can no longer recover from the blows with which the Allies will meet his assault.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

OLD JOHN'S VISION

I HAVE a very distant relation whom everybody considers to be eccentric. "Eccentric," in this case, is a polite name for "A Little Mad." He strikes people that way.

It is not that he behaves extravagantly, talks wildly, performs uncouth antics at odd moments, or even dresses extraordinarily. He simply has a powerfully developed religious belief. They say of him that he "got religion," as if it were an infectious disease. He found a faith, and threw into it everything that he had—everything, body and soul.

If this had been a business instead of a religion, I don't doubt that the rest of the family would have described him as "a keen business man," or as being "all business": they would have prophesied for him a great commercial future.

But it wasn't money he believed in. It was a simple religious formula. So he is called "Mad."

He might have earned the esteem of his generation by maintaining that the moon was made of green cheese. Then they would have called him a "scientific genius born ahead of his time."

But he hardly considers Science. He takes things literally. To him the matters laid down as fact in the Gospels are—purely and very simply—fact. He believes in Adam and Eve, in the Seven Days of the Creation, and, above all, in the New Testament.

He is called (I'll change his name) John.

John could have had a fairly easy, tolerably certain livelihood in a certain merchandising business. He could have got his seven hundred pounds a year for five days' work a week. But he abandoned that. (This, alone, was regarded as a sign of insanity!)

He threw up a safe, sure income, and became a missionary. If he had become, say, a doctor—or a lawyer! But a missionary! Obviously, the man was as mad as a March hare.

His mother and brothers disowned him. No—I'm doing them an injustice. He, rather, disowned them. He left the warm, easy bed of his family. They would have been glad to receive him at any time, after the first shock of the thing wore off. But he didn't like to embarrass them.

He went away, and nobody saw or heard of him for several years. And they hardly liked to discuss him. He was forgotten.

And about five years ago I met him in a main thoroughfare in London.

I knew, then, what they meant by "mad." He had a faraway look. Thin, hungry, wretchedly clothed, he nevertheless seemed happy, in a queer, unearthly way.

I said: "John?" He shook hands with me. Out of sheer force of habit I said, "Come and have a drink," and he followed me, with indescribable meekness, into a pub, and asked for a lemonade.

Would he eat? No, he didn't want to eat. Yet the man looked very hungry.

"When did you eat last?" I asked.

"Last night," he said. "But I shall eat again to-night."

HE answered my questions as a child might. He was working as a missionary. All day long he worked, spreading Divine Truth—as he saw it. He was entitled to some wretched pittance (about twenty-five shillings a week) for this; but he gave it all away, and got the food he needed to keep himself alive by manual labour.

He was a species of charwoman. Every evening he scrubbed the floors of an office building in the City.

I never knew a man who lived more austerely, more laboriously, or with a higher purity. He was the poorest of the poor—financially. Yet he was fantastically happy. He got five hours' sleep a night.

I felt that the wearier I got, the nearer I got to God

In a little while I found myself arguing against him. I couldn't resist it. And in due course, he replied. He told me a *story*.

I want to tell you, here and now, that I can see a dozen rational explanations for it.

Yet in justice to John, I think I ought to put it down as he told it, without any attempt to explain it away. . . .

JOHN said:

I want to tell you this, Waldo. It is true.

You know—I have told you—that in the daytime I work at the spreading of the Truth. But in the evening I earn my bread. This is as it should be, and thank God for it.

What I am telling you happened in December, 1935. The proprietors of Silver House, near the Minories, are kind enough to let me clean their floors, and (God bless them) they pay me for doing this.

It was on December 24. I had had a day which, in my weakness and foolishness, I considered hard.

Some young men had, poor boys, taken too much to drink in the evening, and threw things at me—and I was very tired and sick, and (may I be forgiven) I felt discouraged.

I had a great hall to scrub clean, and I started at one end. I saw that hall, Wally, as a long, shiny green infinity, with the sickly yellow electric light on it. It seemed that this floor would never end.

I scrubbed and scrubbed, and I felt that the wearier I got—I cannot put this in words—the wearier I got, the nearer I got to God.

I started at eight o'clock, I think; and by ten—for my arms weren't strong, you see—I had only a third of the floor really cleaned.

I felt I could not go on, and I rested my forehead on my hands, and I cried.

And then, having cried a little, I felt more at rest, and I worked on, and eleven o'clock struck. And then I felt tired again, and wanted to rest, but I would not let myself rest, but worked on.

Then, suddenly, I felt something new. The wall in front of me had been dark. Suddenly it became light. There was a strange light in the whole hall. I had only one bulb burning.

But all the electricity in the world could not have thrown that terrific yet gentle light, which—though the hall was bitterly cold—carried a warmth with it, a sweet and kindly warmth that took hold of me and made me want to crow and smile like a baby in his mother's arms.

Listen. I looked round. And I was not alone.

Somebody was standing behind me. The hall behind me seemed to have grown larger. It was full of light. The walls were made of intersecting sheets of fine white light.

And standing there—yes, standing there—it was *He*!

He was standing, looking down at me, with an expression of infinite compassion on His face—oh, if I could only tell you! A look of pity and understanding, something deeper than the sea, and so sublime!

And behind Him there was a light—not an earthly light which is a mere absence of darkness, but a light that had a virtue in itself.

He looked down at me and smiled. And I was ready to fall down and worship. But then I remembered.

I had a task. I had work. I must finish. And with my heart bursting with love and gratitude, do you know what I did? I turned my back on Him and went on scrubbing the floor, and my tears (but not tears of sorrow) fell down and I scrubbed them into the wood and mopped them back into the pail.

And the night went on and I finished. I never looked behind me once, not once. There are no words in any language in the world to tell you what I felt—what wild heights of ecstasy, and what awful pangs of temptation.

I knew that if I looked up again I would not finish my work, and I knew that He had come to try me. And so I finished my work.

And then, and then only, I turned.

And He was gone.

Only within myself I felt something that had not been there before—a love that struggled to find expression, a happiness that yearned to make everybody else happy with me.

And so I went away, half-laughing and half-crying, with my soul full of prayer.

And now, I *know*! I am *sure*! And I pray with all my soul that you may know how much I love you and all the world!

THAT is all.

Fatigue? Hallucination? Perhaps. I would say *probably*. But that is the story exactly as he told it to me, and I have written it down in good faith.

John went away when he had told it to me. His horrible clothes flapped over his attenuated limbs. And yet I have never seen a happier man.

Human Machine

THAT EXTRA BIT

● Taking it all round, the human machine is a pretty complicated piece of mechanism to keep going.

It isn't the easiest job in the world to keep it running smoothly and efficiently. It needs care and, above all, it needs knowledge—knowledge of just what the machine is and how it works.

A man buys a motor-car, or a motor-cycle. He knows he's got an efficient and an expensive machine, and he mostly buys a book about it to see how it works.

He does something, at any rate, to learn how it works and what it needs to keep it in good order.

The makers, too, expect that some care will be given to it, for they give with it a very clear and concise book of instructions.

Yet we don't bother ever to buy a book about the human machine, though there are plenty to be had.

We don't bother to learn anything about how it works, or what it needs to keep it in good order.

Now, that is strange, for it is a much more delicate piece of mechanism than a motor-car, and much more interesting.

Well, if the hat fits, wear it!

Meanwhile, let us just point out one vital difference between the human machine and any other.

No one has ever found out what the limit of its energy output is. However much it had done, it can always do a bit more if the right stimulus or the right challenge is applied.

There always seems to be just that extra bit in reserve.

That's something to remember whenever you feel, complacently, that you've done your best, that you're giving of your best, that you're living at your best.

You may be—but maybe, again, you could pull out that little extra bit that makes all the difference.

Try it some time and see.

You'll be astonished at yourself and your capabilities.

GRAND STRATEGY OF THE DUSTBINS!

EVERY Axis country has been keyed up to waste nothing. Our enemies have been taught that salvage is as important as production.

Yet there are people in this country who will tell you: "The little bit I can save will make no difference to the war."

It would be just as sensible for a soldier to say: "The shots I fire will make no difference." Or a war worker: "The war won't depend on the one aeroplane I happen to be working on."

The Battle of Salvage—which the enemy is waging sternly—is the fight of every one of us.

Start right away. Make the Battle of Salvage your own particular battle in which by careful use of the forces at your disposal you can achieve a victory over waste every day and every week.

Then have a word with the next-door neighbour, and make him as enthusiastic an anti-waster as you yourself. So along both sides of your street.

This means that you are playing an important part in the Grand Strategy of the Dustbins, which will lead to a great victory on the Salvage front.

You can take a foremost part in it if you will go along to your local authority and offer to be Salvage Steward for your street.

You'll then be able to tell yourself: "I don't know how well they are doing it in Germany, Italy and Japan—but they can't beat *our* street."

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

THOUSANDS of wives and mothers wrote to their men in Libya.

Thousands of troops in Libya wrote to their dear ones at home.

And, somewhere in the desert, the letters met.

They were stacked high. With faltering fingers, an Army postal official applied a match. The flames rose.

The débris was stirred so that not one written word should survive to blow about in the desert wind. And the troops moved on

That tragic little story is told by Sergt. Reed (7/130447, R.A.S.C.) in a letter to a friend, Miss Doris Izzard, Greenford, Middlesex. And the reason?:

We were moving fast, with a vastly superior "Jerry" force after us. We saw tons and tons of mail going up in smoke rather than let "Jerry" get it.

If it hadn't been for my officers, I wouldn't have been writing now.

We were taking up rations when a tank battle started. Our lads were being forced back, back. And the ground we had to travel over, strangely enough, was very boggy.

We had to make a get-away. And I was in the very last lorry.

Seeing a vehicle in front conk out, we dashed over and took it in tow behind my vehicle.

Shells were falling round us all the time. And then, our luck giving out, both the vehicles became bogged.

There was no waggon following to pick us up. The nearest thing in that direction was a "Jerry" that was firing at us. We thought that, in one way or another, we were going to be out of the war. . . .

Then we saw our staff car swing round, with an officer on each running-board. With shells falling all around it, it dashed back and picked us up. We were got away safely, but I lost everything—camera, films, the whole lot.

And people wonder at times why there are no letters!

CITY NOTES!

Now two Financial Notes from soldiers' letters—the first sent home by Gunner J. W. Warren (1831382), Middle East Forces, and the second by Private N. Nielsen (7358161, R.A.M.C.). while going south in convoy:

1.—The street traders out here give us razor-blades for change, and it is nothing to be walking about with a dozen blades among your small money. However, it all goes back to the natives—four blades for a packet of Woodbines, etc. And they don't realise how often we get a shave out of the blades before trading them!

2.—We threw so much of our small change into the sea for the native divers that, when we got sailing again, there was an acute shortage on board—and the canteens had to issue American and Canadian coins to help us out.

TEN DAYS' LEAVE

Now a letter from "over there"—from a British airman training in Canada, and who slipped into the United States for a time to have a look round

He is Aircraftman E. Breen, and this message is to his mother:

We decided to hitch-hike to New York, and spent our first night in jail!

But it was all friendly. The police at Auburn gave us this accommodation during a fierce snowstorm. The cell was a lovely clean place for a night's rest, and cost us nothing.

Reaching New York, two American sailors and two soldiers gave us a marvellous time.

Then we decided to hitch-hike to Boston, 280 miles away, but a truck took us a long distance.

Here we were given a "mend-up"—a useful thing for men in the Services. That left us in good repair.

We were motored round the White Mountains in New Hampshire. I've never seen anything like it.

Next day we were motored round various summer resorts

Altogether we did a round 3,000 miles in our ten days' leave. We were treated as if we had been celebrities. We were spot-lighted at dances and made to take a bow as British airmen and were written about in the Press.

NO FIRING PARTY!

And now the story of the military funeral that wasn't!

Nursing Sister Offley tells it in a letter home from Egypt:

Apparently a body was washed up by the sea and put in a sack.

Somebody assumed it consisted of human remains, unidentifiable, and possibly those of a sailor, and arrangements were made for a military funeral.

Padre, firing party, etc., were notified.

Then the pathologist made an examination, and found the remains were those of a donkey!

It was duly burnt in the hospital incinerator. . . .

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

I AM a small shopkeeper. My business is run on local money. I pay local labour and tradesmen. Many of my purchases are made locally. Liquidate *us*—and it seems to be threatened—and small-town life is undermined.—John Tolley, grocer, Cirencester, Glos.

★ ★ ★

Officialdom has strange ideas of economy. Any tailor will testify that turned-up trousers are far more economical than the plain-bottom kind. The turn-up can be turned three times for repair without shortening—while first repair of the other kind reduces the length.—C. Williams, Hessle Road, Hull.

★ ★ ★

Sent away on a vital war job, I have since had to make four journeys to a distant Employment Exchange at a cost of five hours' work and 13s. in fares to obtain a single lodging grant of 24s. 6d.—V. S., Castlewood Drive, London, S.E.9.

★ ★ ★

Large numbers of train passengers have to stand throughout long journeys. Yet there is plenty of room in the corridors for wooden stools, which railway companies could make cheaply.—C. B., Hill Road, Portchester, Hants.

Home Guards'

This series has told you of the deeds of Britain's citizens' army on hill and dale. Here are some adventures of the Home Guards who watch our cliffs and beaches by night and day.

By MARK PRIESTLEY

MIST wreathing over the moonlit sea; a convoy secretly picking its way down-Channel, keeping close inshore, threading among the minefields. Suddenly a light stabbed into the night from the coast, flashing, blinking.

Aboard one of the merchantmen the look-out tensed.

"There it is again," said the skipper. "What's it saying, Harry?"

"Can't make it out, sir!"

Night after night it had happened that way. Night after night, in no known code, the light winked and stared. The first ship's master to notice it had dismissed the affair with a shrug. Then a naval patrol made their report.

"Indecipherable light signals. . . ."

On that once lonely—but now fully prepared—section of the coast, Home Guards eked out the coastguard patrol. When they investigated, the midnight lights had all the trimmings of a first-class mystery.

Once-lonely sections of Britain's coast are now patrolled by vigilant bands of Home Guards

Perfect Black-out

There was no house for miles but a solitary farm . . . and the farmer's black-out was perfect.

Watch was kept. As well as surrounding the house after dark, two H.G.s—a schoolteacher and a garage hand—volunteered for the seaward vigil.

It meant that they had to penetrate along the foreshore earlier in the afternoon to a cliff-locked bay—and wait there to be cut off by the tide.

The cliffs rose sheer. The only possible foothold was but a yard above high-water level. If a storm arose they might be washed from the perch.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WHERE IS MORRISON WRONG?

● Herbert Morrison's chief fault has been lack of tact.

The most capable municipal administrator London has ever produced, he was sent suddenly from the Ministry of Supply to the Home Office when Sir John Anderson's plans broke down so badly.

Since then, although he has done much to improve Civil Defence in all its aspects, even his very necessary National Fire Service has been severely criticised locally.

Then his defence of the *Daily Worker* suppression, however justified, has annoyed many people in his own Party.

His warning to the *Daily Mirror* was followed by a devastating debate. Indeed, to-day, he is made to appear wrong even when he is right.

His recent statement that, after the war, we shall have to make peace with the German people, which you would have thought was obvious to everybody, has been bitterly assailed.

A few years ago Morrison seemed headed for the Premiership. It is not true to-day.

Yet we must remember that he is honest and forthright. In any position in which it was not his job to restrict freedom, his great administrative qualities might have proved invaluable.

WILL THE ELECTORAL TRUCE STOP?

● When, this week end, the Labour Party conference takes place, some delegates will attack the electoral truce. A few may even demand that Labour leaves the Government, arguing that it is a catspaw of the Tories.

While it is true that the electoral truce has created grave dissatisfaction with the system of choosing official candidates, Labour will undoubtedly decide that it must stay in the Government, not only in the interests of the masses but so as to keep the nation united.

So it must follow that there cannot be a truce in the Government and a breach of the truce at election time.

Besides, with a three-year-old register and half the electorate away in some divisions, by-elections are a farce. Anyone can get in. A unity by the parties in championing Government candidates is the best way of stopping freaks.

WHAT SHOULD HAPPEN TO COAL?

● Sir William Beveridge has suffered another indignity.

An economist seconded for Government work in two wars, he has prepared, at the request of Ministers, plans for the best utilisation of man-power and coal.

His man-power schemes were shelved for months. Now his system of coal-rationing, worked out at the request of the Board of Trade, has been scrapped.

The only way out of the coal muddle is immediate nationalisation of the entire industry.

This could be followed by a production of coal according to plans worked out in Whitehall, and not, as is true now, according to the whims and prejudices of old-fashioned coal-owners thinking in terms of profit.

If coal were nationalised, miners' wages could be made a basic charge on the nation's income.

We should also be sure then that none of the easiest seams to work were being held back for peace-time profitmaking.

Nationalisation was urged by the Sankey Commission twenty years ago. Yet we still muddle on!

Coast Patrols

They ran the risk. The culprit was captured.

The farm had evidently settled down for the night when the H.G.s saw the curtains part, and an intense, concentrated light-beam darted out . . . on, off, on again.

It was from a magic-lantern.

A schoolboy evacuee staying with the farmer, with more imagination than common-sense, thought he was playing a game with the U-boats. Drenched with spray, the seaward watchers cursed.

H.G.s are used to roughing it. As I've told in this series, they're tough in the moorlands, and they've proved they can take it in the cities . . . but the coastal units taste their fill of adventure all the year round.

Will-o'-the-Wisp!

Adventure—and ordeal.

One batch waited all night up to their waists in stinking marshland because of reports of a mysterious camp fire. They expected to trap Nazi spies. Then they spotted the "fire"—and found they were trying to track a will-o'-the-wisp!

Britain's cliffs are always crumbling—we lose inches a year—and one evening a chunk slithered away, taking with it a sentry with a machine-gun. His gun knocked him silly as he fell.

The H.G.s were first on the scene. Peering over the cliff edge—risking the chance of another yard or two sliding away—they saw him lying unconscious and almost up to his neck in chalk.

Volunteer Lamdin and a coastguard were lowered by ropes, and a hurdle followed them down.

It was—as Lamdin said—"ghastly climbing up."

They had to haul themselves hand by hand and at the same time control the hurdle with the unconscious soldier. Near the top a bulge in the cliff meant that they had to climb *outwards*.

Even the coastguards scratched their heads and talked of rocket apparatus.

But trust the H.G.s! They levered the bulge of chalk away—and altered the inconvenient face of Britain.

The rest was simple.

Rolled to the Rescue

Think of every coastal danger, in fact, and the seaside H.G.s have had a dose.

And they've doubled it.

When Home Guardsman Foster got into difficulties in a quicksand off the Somerset coast he thought his last hour had come.

A casual stroll just before his patrol had become a struggle for life. He kept on walking, but his feet sank deeper and deeper.

He was engulfed to the waist when an H.G. confrère, Bill Chesterman, saw his plight.

There was no time to get ropes or a plank. Chesterman knew that if he marched into the quicksand he would also be engulfed. So he *rolled* across the sands, and with a tremendous effort dragged Foster to safety.

One of Hitler's spies landed at dawn from a rubber boat on a remote part of the coast, hoping to put it past the H.G.s. His job, apparently, was to locate coastal gun emplacements and report to Berlin with a tiny eight-inch radio transmitter.

H.G. patrols, just then, as it happened, were not fully mobilised, and Kerboom found a hide-out in a quarry.

An unfortunate choice for the Nazi! The quarry had been spotted as a likely concealment for spies by every H.G. in the neighbourhood. . . .

A Nazi U-boat skipper used to tell his cronies that the English were too soft-hearted. When he broke out of a prison camp, the Home Guard scoured the neighbourhood in force, and eventually found him trembling under a tarpaulin in a wooden shack.

The English were soft! The show of fright would suffice!

He didn't try to resist arrest. He merely bided his time till he was alone with a few of those soft-hearted H.G.s, and then ran for it.

"Stop—or we fire!" they called after him. Perhaps he grinned as he ran, knowing they'd be too soft-hearted. Then he stumbled and fell—"shot," as they said at the inquest, "by a Home Guard in execution of his duty."

There's a sector in Kent which claims a Home Guard record, having rounded up no fewer than twenty-six German airmen.

At first—even at the height of the Battle of Britain—they were soft-hearted for sure and gave their captives cups of tea. One of the "Jerries" drank the brew, then spat in the H.G.'s face.

The "Jerries" still get the tea when convenient—but they have to wait and show their good behaviour first.

Taking Care of Herself

Not far away, Home Guards, led by a cottager we'll call Terry, combed the woods one starry night in search of a couple of Nazis. A bomber had crashed with a crew of five, but only three lay there, knocked insensible by the impact, when the H.G.s risked the bombs and entered the narrow cabin.

Terry knew every spinney and copse of the land. The "Jerries" couldn't be far away. Maybe, he thought, he'd better go home and warn his wife, alone in the house.

No, his duty was to hunt the men, and hunt them quick. He reckoned, sensibly, that his missus could take care of herself.

But the Germans had vanished. With the first flick of dawn the troops took over, and Terry went home, disappointed and tired.

In his parlour he found two breathless, dusty and very cowed airmen locked in a cupboard. His wife had imprisoned them!

Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without of course, giving your name)

It is blaring without a stop from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day

RADIO HOGS AND THE WAR EFFORT

By Humanist

THE second great Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is simple enough when neighbours are friendly, tolerant, and reasonable; but it is exceedingly difficult when they are hostile, uncharitable, and unreasonable.

Here is a problem sent by the wife of a miner:

My husband is on regular night work, but he can't get any rest during the day owing to the wireless next door. It is blaring without a stop from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day.

For the same reason we can't have any peace or quiet in our living-room. It's impossible to concentrate on reading or writing for the noise.

We can't call our home our own. All we want is a little peace and quiet now and then. What shall we do about it?

The first thing to do, obviously, is to ask the neighbour to reduce the volume, or, better still, to give the wireless a rest. If a polite request has no effect, then something less polite and more forceful would be justified.

In some districts there are by-laws against the loudspeaker nuisance, in which case the victim can appeal for help.

I think the miner might go to court and ask the magistrates for advice. The man is suffering from something worse than annoyance: he is being robbed of his sleep.

The woman next door is hindering the war effort and ought to be stopped. I say "woman" because I imagine the husband is at work and the children at school.

Far too many people use the wireless in this stupid way. They don't listen to it intelligently. It is nothing more than a background of noise to which they are accustomed.

When all houses are planned properly, "proofed" against noises from adjoining houses, the nuisance will cease. Until that is done we shall all have to be reasonable and unselfish.

ONLY yesterday I received a letter from a man complaining of the noise made by children in the street.

I always dread the summer months, *he writes*, and now that we have this double daylight-saving scheme the trouble is worse than ever. As soon as the children have finished their tea they come into the street, and they seem to make my front gate the centre of activity. If they are not yelling at one another they are quarrelling.

I have sent them away scores of times, but they invariably come back within a few minutes. I have complained to the police, but they appear to think I am making a fuss about a trifle.

My wife and I are getting on in years, and these things worry us more than they did when we were younger. We are both working in the daytime and feel we are entitled to a little peace in the evenings.

The man does not tell me much about his house. Is he bound to be in the front room throughout the evenings? I suggest that he finds the quietest room in the house and makes that into a sitting-room. He can't stop children shouting at play any more than he can stop cockerels from crowing. It's part of youthful nature.

There ought to be more playing-fields, of course, and it would be an excellent idea to appeal to the local council to make more provision for the children.

MY recent reference to Theosophy brought a letter from a man who wants to know if there is any truth in reincarnation. He has had some curious experiences of reliving a past existence.

The spell usually lasts for an hour or two, *he says*, and on wakening with a start I could swear I have been away for a long time. Queen Cleopatra crops up in every dream! I don't pretend that I was one of her equals; in fact, I feel that I must have been one of her slaves. I have often had a sense of being punished or disciplined.

I seem to derive a certain pleasure in reliving these old experiences. Can you offer any explanation? I shall be grateful if you can. I'm quite normal otherwise. But now these queer spells are coming more frequently I am losing interest in everything else. What do you think I should do?

A number of my friends believe in reincarnation, but I have no evidence on which to base belief in the theory.

One of the best stories Kipling ever wrote concerned a man who had vivid memories of being a Roman galley-slave; and a novel about ancient Egypt—"Winged Pharaoh"—is said to be derived from actual memories of the authoress. Her descriptions are so full of significant detail that it is difficult to account for them otherwise.

There is a theory that we return to earth every 700 years—but my own memory of the time of Henry III is a complete blank!

But if the writer of the letter enjoys his mysterious experiences, why does he want to stop them?

OUR MEMORY

FOR what shall we be known when our life is done—for the things that we have failed in or the things that we have won? For the heights of our ambitions or for our humilities, or shall we in folks' hearts remain for our sincerities?

FOR what shall we be known, respected, or despised? For the shabby little things we did which we pitiably disguised? For the things we gave and talked about or the things we took and kept, or for petty sins committed while we hoped our conscience slept?

FOR what shall we be known? For our laughter or our tears, for our courage, for our steadfastness, or for our doubts and fears? For our sacrifice, our faithfulness, our pleasures or our pain, or for the lonely song we sang through Misfortune's rain?

FOR what shall we be known? For our kindness and sympathy, for the uncomplaining Watch we kept through long years of ministry? For the human understanding which made us a worthy Friend? Perhaps that's the memory you and I would like best to leave at Life's End?

FOR what shall we be known? But that no one can know, till we have gone upon the way that all of us must go, till the echoes of our deeds ring down Memory's Misty Ways, till Death's Unalterable Answer sets its Seal of Blame or Praise.

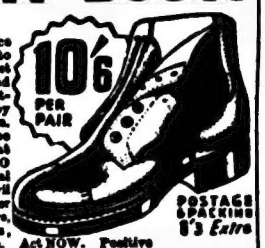
J. M.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½ *(Including Purchase Tax).* Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

NO COUPONS COMPLETELY REPAIRED
ARMY BOOTS



Army or Air Force boots repaired to defy the hardest wear, soled and heeled with first-class leather by expert workmen. Could there be better value at 10/6 and NO COUPONS? Ideal for farm, civil defence, and other outdoor workers, steelworkers, miners, etc., etc. Act NOW. Positive

POSTAGE & PACKING 1/3 Extra

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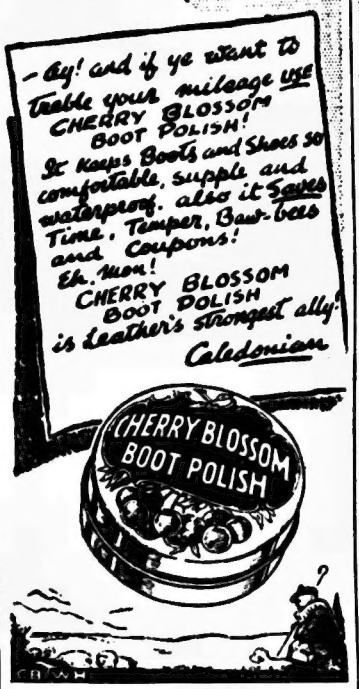
-Ay! and if ye want to Treble your mileage use CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH!
It keeps Boots and Shoes so comfortable, supple and waterproof, also it Saves Time, Temper, Bar-bees and Coupons!
Eh, mon!
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH is Leather's strongest ally!
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SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

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Cuticura OINTMENT

GOOD FOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

SCO

The Magic Oven Cleaning Powder

CLEANS COOKERS Quickly

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical. NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

6d Per Tin. STILL PRE-WAR PRICE

BUY SCO AT WOOLWORTH'S

Splendid Corrective!

Our less-varied wartime diet is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process, it helps the system back to regularity in a gentle, healthy way. Lixen is suitable for young and old.

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 1/2. Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

1492

THE LAST LAUGH

J. A. (Saffron Walden).—"The man sitting next to me in the office is really lazy, but I help him whenever I can, though I am sure he knows that I see through him." And you see him through as well.

T. C. (Cleckheaton). — "My neighbour protested very strongly because I had a large bonfire in the garden." He flared up, too.

Miss S. (Prestatyn). — "Some years ago I saw a man in a Berlin taxi, and I firmly believe it was Hitler." If he was standing on the seat and poking his head out of the sunshine roof it probably *was* the future Fuehrer.

B. V. (Waterbeach).—"Where is the best place to pitch an old and very dilapidated tent?" In a cupboard in the spare room.

K. U. (Tottenham).—"I remember when Goering took up horse-riding for slimming." And doubtless the poor animal lost a lot of weight.

Mrs. C. (Leeds).—"I had a big surprise for my husband when he said that, should he be detained at the office, he would send home a note by messenger." Did you tell him that you had already taken it out of his pocket?

P. Y. (Coningsby).—"Housework is much easier than earning one's living in an office." You would be well advised to tear this page out before the wife sees it.

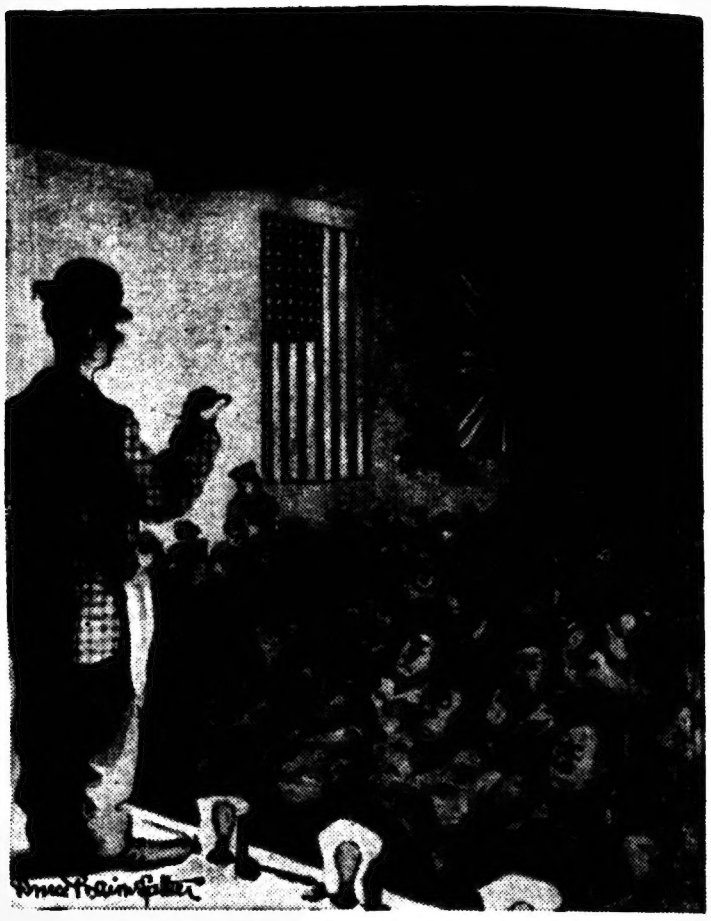
A. G. (Homerton).—"My uncle, who is worth a lot of money, recently told me that he had nominated me as his sole heir." See letter below.

G. G. (Homerton).—"I learned from my rich uncle that I was to be his sole legatee. Won't my brother be disappointed?" See letter above.

M. G. (Ulverston).—"After receiving the telegram, my wife ran all the way to my office, and what do you think she did when she got there?" Stopped running.

ARCHIE (Brislington). — "The woman I marry must be able to look me straight in the face at all times." Then, judging by your photo, you will remain single.

R. O. (Fakenham).—"For years I have been sending you poems but they have always been rejected. I have now decided to give up taking your paper for good. I repeat—for good." Good!



BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER VISITS THE AMERICANS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

Of course, if the terribly funny E.N.S.A. comedian doesn't translate his jokes into American, he must expect this view from the stage.

Side-Slips

THE WORCESTER EVENING NEWS: —"There were blankets, quilts, sheets, towels, pillow slips, rugs, some ladies' lingerie. . . ."

THE DAILY DISPATCH (Manchester): —"If the welders could go to work in red TAPS, they would be the best-dressed workers in the industry."

SWINDON EVENING ADVERTISER: —"Other adjoining premises were threatened, but the firemen prevented the GAMES from spreading."

THE BULLETIN AND SCOTS PICTORIAL: —"General . . ., who commanded a CROCK corps during the war. . . ."

HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND POST: —"Our SALARY bowl is going to mean a lot to us this summer, and lettuce should be plentifully grown. . . ."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Starting with a handicap of illness and sorrow, Mrs. Gledhill is doing her best to run a greengrocery business to maintain her invalid husband. He is sixty-four years of age, was gassed in the last war, and now his sight is failing and his heart is so weak that he will never be able to work again.

Her son Stanley, whose photograph we publish, has just been discharged from the Army after fifteen months' service, suffering from tubercular neck and other internal trouble, for which he is still receiving treatment at the local hospital.

Because we know how difficult is Mrs. Gledhill's struggle to make ends meet, and how great her anxiety to make the little business pay and so avoid having to take State aid for her ailing family, we ask our readers to send donations to enable her to buy a little more stock to sell.

Letters earmarked "Stock," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,322

FIRST PRIZE £50

H. Culver, 3, Fox Hill, Selly Oak, Birmingham, for this Bullet:

Man's Destiny
Supermen Shaping? "Little Man"!

£20: W. Whitaker, 65, Conway Rd., Cumpark, Troorchy, Glam.
Example: In The Goose
Bullet: Goose—Goose—Goose—*Cooked!*

£10: G. Wright, 10, Alderley St., Macclesfield, Cheshire.
Example: Heads Both Charms, But
Bullet: Our Supreme Both Neither!

£5: F. Carter, 349, Fore St., Edmonton, N.9.
Old Dunce—Of Most—On Rail!

£4: J. R. Bayne, 56, High St., Edinburgh.
Home On Leave—From "Somewhere—" To "Someone."

£3: A. R. Tennant, 71, Caledon Rd., Nottingham.
Now Britain's Strong—Soon "Bending" Europe's "Bars."

£2: E. M. Dougall, 3, Sutherland House, Sutherland Rd., West Ealing.
Home On Leave—*Family* "Fights For" *Daddy.*

£1a.: J. R. Jones, 13, Walton St., Hull.
Upset The Hens—Our "*Bomber* Dispersal Squads."

£1a.: O. W. Cox, 59, Bennett House, Page St., S.W.1.
Upset The Warden—"Light" In Aunt's—*Eyes!*

£1a.: Mrs. T. Forbes, 190, Greaves St., Sheffield.
Eye-opener For Vicky's—"Toad," *Boss* "In Hole."

£1a.: J. R. H. Moss, 17, Orchard Gardens, Teignmouth, Devon.
Aunt's Horoscope—Says "Romance"—Cards's, "Travel"!

£1a.: R. G. McLellan, Quarry Lane, Christleton, Chester.
Upset The Pocket—Dad—*Please Sends Over!*

A Set of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 274

WINNING WORDS: 1. Shops. 2. Toll. 3. Filler. 4. Gain. 5. Dig. 6. Ghost. 7. Marked. 8. Host. 9. Rosa. 10. Salt. 11. Peg. 12. Alibi. 13. Sap. 14. Pass.

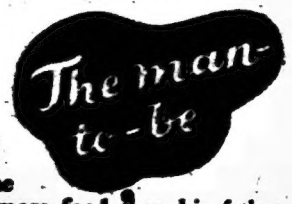
£100 SHARERS: C. S. Brocket, 46, Marie Hill Parade, Cheltenham; E. Brown, 27, Glyn Rd., Birmingham; T. Charte, 178, Langdale Rd., Thornton Heath.

Awards value £25 shared between 14 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

This Week's

FOOD FACTS



That growing son of yours is a bit of a problem at meal-times. His appetite is enormous. He clears his plate in no time and is ready for a second helping. But it isn't that he's greedy: it's simply that he must eat more food to build up his body. The consequence is, he actually needs more food than his father does. Whether or not he will grow up to be a strong and healthy man depends largely on the meals you give him to-day. Here are some suggestions for good body-building dishes that will satisfy and nourish the hungriest of boys.

A good packed Lunch

A growing lad up to 22 years of age needs a nourishing and sustaining meal in the middle of the day. The best plan is to get him to lunch at school, works canteen or British Restaurant. But, if this isn't possible, see that he takes a substantial, well-balanced lunch with him. Don't always give him sandwiches. What about shepherd's pie or savoury pudding cooked in a small jar, a cold meat pasty, vegetable and grated cheese turnover, fish envelope (recipe below), or a jar of fish and potato salad; each packed with a salad of fresh chopped vegetables on top.

FISH ENVELOPE

Time: Preparation 15 minutes. Cooking 20 to 30 minutes. *Ingredients:* 4 oz. cooked or tinned fish, ¼ teacupful of white-sauce, 12 tablespoonfuls of cooked mixed vegetables, pepper, salt, pastry (6 tablespoonfuls national flour, 4 tablespoonfuls mashed potatoes, 2 oz. fat). *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Make pastry and roll out thinly. Divide in two and spread one piece with the cooked vegetables mashed and seasoned. Cream the fish with white-sauce and spread on the other piece. Put together and bake in a hot oven for 20 or 30 minutes. Eat hot or cold.

How about his Fruit Juice, Mother? Remember he's entitled to it under the new scheme.

FISH CHARLOTTE

Time: Preparation 20 minutes. *Cooking:* ½ to 1 hour. *Ingredients:* ½ lb. of fish, 8 oz. of bread (equals 6 slices) a little fish paste, 4 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, 2½ teaspoonfuls of lemon substitute, salt and pepper. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Spread the slices of bread on both sides with the paste. Cut one of the slices of bread to fit the bottom of the basin. Remove crusts. Line the rest of the basin with slices of bread cut in strips. Chop up the crusts into small dice. Cover the fish with boiling water and leave for 1 or 2 minutes. Take out, remove the skin and bones and flake into small pieces. Add parsley, lemon substitute, and salt and pepper to taste. Put a layer of fish into the basin, cover with the diced crusts and pack in alternate layers until the basin is filled, finishing with a layer of diced crusts. Press down well, cover with an upturned saucer and steam for ½ to 1 hour. Serve hot with a green vegetable or cold with a salad.

Listen to the Kitchen Front on the Radio at 8.15 every morning.

FOOD FACTS No. 95 THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

You Can Keep Radiant & Youthful

By Taking Nightly Bile Beans

TO enjoy springtime to the full, you must feel in tune with this brightest of seasons. If, in the long winter, the system has grown sluggish, Bile Beans will improve the condition of your blood and eliminate all accumulated impurities.

So gently do Bile Beans act, cleansing, regulating, toning up the system, that they actually rejuvenate and invigorate, whilst you sleep.

So, if you want to feel fit and vital and at the same time improve your complexion and figure, adopt the health habit of Bile Beans at bedtime.

BILE BEANS

Purely Vegetable—Sold Everywhere

Would not be without PHOSFERINE

"Never felt better" says Mrs. R.H.

"My husband and I are great believers in Phosferine. I never had any strength but always felt low. My husband has always taken Phosferine and advised me to take it. I did at last take notice of him and I never felt better in my life. I used to dread going out but now look forward to it and in myself I feel fine and sleep well, and would not be without Phosferine in the house."

A trial will prove its value—Liquid or Tablets. Ask your Chemist for Phosferine to-day.

PHOSFERINE

TABLETS OR LIQUID: 1/4 No. 1 size and 3/3 No. 2 size *(Including Purchase Tax).*

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size, you save 2/-.

★ *The safe & certain cure for* HEADACHE

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

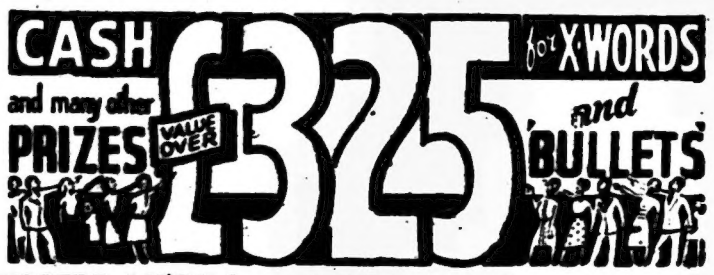
Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Cephos is not just a single drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley St. Physician.

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3, 2/-. Single dose 2d.

CASH £325 and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER for X WORDS and BULLETS



ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For result of Xword No. 274, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by ordering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3p	5p	3p
1 CAVALRY THAT CAN'T CHASE RAPID ONE IS LITTLE USE TO-DAY	CHA CE		
2 FOND MOTHER PROBABLY REMEMBERS DAY BABY BEGAN TO	ALK		
3 DESCRIBES THE AVERAGE NAVVY'S ARMS	BR WN		
4 SOME OFFICERS FIND THESE USEFUL	CAR ONS		
5 ORDERLY CHAP WON'T FEEL HE WANTS TO DO THIS IN NATIONAL CRISIS	RA		
6 HONEY ONE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO KEEP PEOPLE AWAKE ALL NIGHT	E R		
7 FESTIVAL OFTEN INVOLVED MUCH USE OF THESE	CH IRS		
8 CHRONOLOGICALLY CAUTIONS A MAN TO GO QUIETLY AFTER ROW	CO		
9 SOME STICK OUT A MILE	P ERS		
10 ORATOR'S IS LIKELY TO PROVOKE AMUSEMENT	BUL		
11 DOUBT OF HAVING THESE TOO HIGHLY COLOURED	LI S		
12 CHANGE OF ONE IS SOMETIMES UNEXPECTED	ANK		
13 WE'RE GLAD TO KNOW R.A.F. BOMBERS HAVE GREATER HANDS ON	PAR S		
14 YOU'RE LIKELY TO GET HURT IF YOU HANDLE THESE CAREFULLY	KN VES		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated June 13.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JUNE 1

Signed .....

Address .....

278

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties, Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, LTD. (& Co.); write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS — **1ST PRIZE £50 CASH**

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 30s., 24s., 24s., 22s., 20s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any EXAMPLE. First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, June 12. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading BULLETS in our 1,312nd Contest on page 14.

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA INTENDS
WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING
IN THOUSANDS
THE REDS
FRIEND OR FOE
PUZZLED HER
NICE WORK
ONE WAY OUT
SMASHED
SOCIAL—BARRIERS
AT HOME
LONG ENOUGH
SPECTRE OF DEFEAT
MAGNIFICENT
JUST AS WE ARE
PEEP INTO THE FUTURE
THEY TALK AND TALK, BUT
UNFORTUNATE OVERSIGHT
DAD'S NEW SUIT
TO PROVIDE OUR FOOD

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WOMAN IN THE .....
FOR ALL OUR .....
WORRIES .....
OFF TO THE .....
NOTHING TO .....
WAY TO GET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated June 13.

P.O. Value.....

No .....

Closing Postmark 1,326 Monday, June 1.

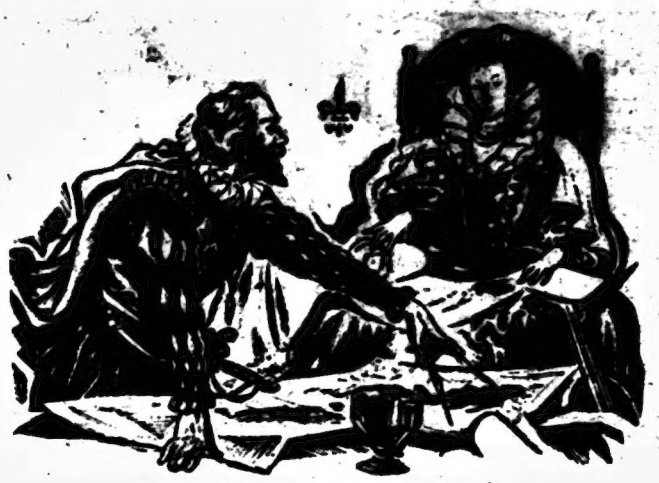
Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,326—or Xword No. 278, "JOHN BULL," 1 ONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).



Discovery . . .

Even the sketchiest possibility of discovering and developing new lands was spur enough to Raleigh's spirit of enterprise and adventure.

There was the chance of glory for his country; so he planned and charted and set his sails with all his unconquerable heart and soul.

In a lesser field, we too, of the Raleigh Cycle Co., have modestly shared that passion for discovery; with pleasing benefit to all who travel the road by cycle.

Distribution of Raleigh Cycles is at present limited but in due time these famous cycles will once again be available for all. They are well worth waiting for.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., LENTON, NOTTINGHAM

"This night-fighting in the Larder Guard is getting me down. The mice run circles round me. I'll resign on grounds of bad health."

"Now the balloon's going up! They've started to give me 'TIBS'! Look out Mousserschmitts!"

"What did I tell you? No food going west now—but the mice are! There ought to be 'TIBS' for all us Larder Guards."

TIBS

'TIBS' are tasteless in food. From all chemists and corn merchants, 7d. for 8, or 1/1 for 21.

100 PUNKS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport.

So now you

DRINK

the glass and a half of Milk

It is some time since Cadburys had milk for their chocolate, and their supplies of Milk Chocolate are now exhausted. So Milk Chocolate, for the moment, must say 'Farewell.' The milk goes on your doorstep now — half-a-million pints a day of it to help your children's health!

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS

FROM BOURNVILLE — *the Factory in a Garden*

Palmolive gives you the luxury of an olive oil lather—rich, generous, softening—t... a shavi... own s... alway... Palm... skin... new... shav... 1. ... *times.* gives v... money. 2. *Soft...* Your... co... ins... seco... 3. ... 10 ... dr... 4. ... *fo...* so... rou... 5 ... ron... lo... P... a... sol... a sl... own... alway... Palmo... skin so... new ... shav... 1. ... 2. *Softens the beard in one minute.* Your whiskers are naturally oil ... that oil ... in 60 ... for ... ver ... ct ... ht ... er ... removes that oil ... soft in 60 ... ses for ... never ... soft. ... erect ... ght ... er ... ry fullness for ... Lather never ... keys soft. ... ire erect ... ight ... 3. ... 4. ... 5 ... Palmolive gives you the luxury of an oli... il lather—rich, generous, soften... ...nly possible in ... a shav... own ... alway... Palm... skin ... new ... shav... 1. ... *time...* ...giv... ...ny fullness for ... Lather never ... keys soft. ... ire erect ... ight ...

BRISTLES SIMPLY

with the **OLIVE OIL SHAVE**

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

7½d. 1/3 1/10½d. *Including Tax*

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will HEAL IT -Clean!

Dear Sirs,
I suffered from weeping eczema, and after using all sorts of treatments I resolved to try Germolene. I had not been able to sleep at night for the irritation. After a week's treatment with GERMOLENE all traces of the trouble left me, leaving my skin quite clean. You can publish this letter so as to benefit other people.
M. E.
Darlington.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

Germolene is famed for its remarkable benefit in all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Heat Rash, Sunburn, Insect Bites, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

17 TIMES MORE VITAMIN B

DOCTORS know that your Nerves and Nutrition need Vitamin B... and they know the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *'pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B_1 than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . 1/3, 3/4½, 5/7½ (Including Purchase Tax) . . *Tablets*

Ask for . . .

Phillips

TONIC YEAST

—Its LIFE ITSELF!

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J.B.L. 220 ★ 216